

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
FOR JANUARY, 1779.

The Plays of William Shakspeare, in ten Volumes, with Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators; to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The second Edition, revised and augmented. 8vo. 3l. Bathurst, &c.

The wit, and even the folly * of man, being exhausted in the praise of Shakspeare, we shall not add to his merited encomiums, by needless panegyric. On the labours of his present scholiasts, particularly those of Mr. Steevens, it would be injustice, however, not to bestow singular approbation--- It is, indeed, a stupendous monument of criticism, which he hath here raised, to the inimitable genius of our immortal poet: a monument, which nothing but the most unremitting industry, joined to an enthusiastic veneration for the memory of his author, could enable the most laborious commentator to compleat. † Of the difficulty of the task, we may ourselves be allowed to judge, having heretofore been sedulously engaged in it; though in a different line, and in a different view: and yet we must be candid enough to own that, on a perusal of the comments and notes before us, we are convinced that some of our own supposed corrections were chimerical, and our imaginary improvements erroneous. So certain it is, as Mr. Steevens observes [Vol. X. p. 626.], that “the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction.” Respecting the peculiar merit of the

* Witness Garrick's Stratford and Drury-Lane Jubilees.

† The comments, notes, and other elucidations annexed, constituting an amazing fund of curious information and entertainment to the reader.

The Speech of the Earl of Sandwich, in the House of Lords, May 14, 1779: Being the Fourteenth Day of the sitting of the Committee of Enquiry into the Management of Greenwich Hospital. 4to. 1s. Cadell.

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TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

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An "Admirer of the London Review"—A "Friend to Impartial Criticism"—"A. B. H. N. and X." are received, and shall be duly attended to.

"A Lover of Foreign Literature"—Theatrics"—and "B. A." are under consideration.

"Edwy" and "Y" in our next.

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The Indictment, Trial, and Condemnation of Adm. Keppel, &c.	ib.
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THE
LONDON REVIEW,
FOR JANUARY, 1779.

The Plays of William Shakspeare, in ten Volumes, with Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators; to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The second Edition, revised and augmented. 8vo. 3l. Bathurst, &c.

The wit, and even the folly* of man, being exhausted in the praise of Shakspeare, we shall not add to his merited encomiums, by needless panegyric. On the labours of his present scholiasts, particularly those of Mr. Steevens, it would be injustice, however, not to bestow singular approbation--- It is, indeed, a stupendous monument of criticism, which he hath here raised, to the inimitable genius of our immortal poet: a monument, which nothing but the most unremitting industry, joined to an enthusiastic veneration for the memory of his author, could enable the most laborious commentator to compleat. † Of the difficulty of the task, we may ourselves be allowed to judge, having heretofore been sedulously engaged in it; though in a different line, and in a different view: and yet we must be candid enough to own that, on a perusal of the comments and notes before us, we are convinced that some of our own supposed corrections were chimerical, and our imaginary improvements erroneous. So certain it is, as Mr. Steevens observes [Vol. X. p. 626.], that "the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction." Respecting the peculiar merit of the

* Witness Garrick's Stratford and Drury-Lane Jubilees.

† The comments, notes, and other elucidations annexed, constituting an amazing fund of curious information and entertainment to the reader.

present edition, in preference to any preceding, we shall select the following passages from the advertisement to the reader.

“ The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boast, that many valuable readings have been retrieved ; though it may be fairly asserted, that the text of Shakspeare is restored to the condition in which the author, or rather his first publishers, appear to have left it, such emendations as were absolutely necessary, alone admitted : for where a particle, indispensably necessary to the sense, was wanting, such a supply has been silently adopted from other editions ; but where a syllable, or more, had been added for the sake of the metre only, which at first might have been irregular, such interpolations are here constantly retrenched, sometimes with, and sometimes without notice. Those speeches, which in the elder editions are printed as prose, and from their own construction are incapable of being compressed into verse, without the aid of supplemental syllables, are restored to prose again ; and the measure is divided afresh in others, where the mass of words had been inharmoniously separated into lines.

“ The scenery, throughout all the plays, is regulated in conformity to a rule, which the poet, by his general practice seems to have proposed to himself. Several of his pieces are come down to us, divided into scenes as well as acts. These divisions were probably his own, as they are made on settled principles, which would hardly have been the case, had the task been executed by the players. A change of scene, with Shakspeare, most commonly implies a change of place, but always, an entire evacuation of the stage. The custom of distinguishing every entrance or exit by a fresh scene, was adopted, perhaps very idly, from the French theatre.

“ For the length of many notes, and the accumulation of examples in others, some apology may be likewise expected. An attempt at brevity is often found to be the source of an imperfect explanation. Where a passage has been constantly misunderstood, or where the jest or pleasantry has been suffered to remain long in obscurity ; more instances have been brought to clear the one, or elucidate the other, than appear at first sight to have been necessary. For these, it can only be said, that when they prove that phraseology or source of merriment to have been once general, which at present seems particular, they are not quite impertinently intruded ; as they may serve to free the author from a suspicion of having employed an affected singularity of expression, or indulged himself in allusions to transient customs, which were not of sufficient notoriety to deserve ridicule or reprehension. When examples in favour of contradictory opinions are assembled, though no attempt is made to decide on either part, such neutral collections should always be regarded as materials for future critics, who may hereafter apply them with success. Authorities, whether in respect of words, or things, are not always producible from the most celebrated

lebrated writers; * yet such circumstances as fall below the notice of history, can only be fought in the jest-book, the satire, or the play; and the novel, whose fashion did not outlive a week, is sometimes necessary to throw light on those annals which take in the compass of an age. Those, therefore, who would wish to have the peculiarities of Nym familiarized to their ideas, must excuse the insertion of such an epigram as best suits the purpose, however tedious in itself; and such as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falstaff's allusion to *stewed prunes*, should not be disgusted at a multitude of instances, which, when the point is once known to be established, may be diminished by any future editor. An author, who catches (as Pope expresses it) at the *Cynthia of a minute*, and does not furnish notes to his own works, is sure to lose half the praise which he might have claimed, had he dealt in allusions less temporary, or cleared up for himself those difficulties which lapse of time must inevitably create.

"The author of the additional notes has rather been desirous to support old readings, than to claim the merit of introducing new ones. He desires to be regarded as one, who found the task he undertook more arduous than it seemed, while he was yet feeding his vanity with the hopes of introducing himself to the world as an editor in form. He, who has discovered in himself the power to rectify a few mistakes with ease, is naturally led to imagine, that all difficulties must yield to the efforts of future labour; and perhaps feels a reluctance to be undeceived at last."

* Mr. T. Warton in his excellent *remarks on the Fairy Queen of Spencer*, offers a similar apology for having introduced illustrations from obsolete literature. "I fear (says he) I shall be censured for quoting too many pieces of this sort. But experience has fatally proved, that the commentator on Spencer, Johnson, and the rest of our elder poets, will in vain give specimens of his classical erudition, unless, at the same time, he brings to his work a mind intimately acquainted with those books, which, though now forgotten, were yet in common use and high repute about the time in which his authors respectively wrote, and which they consequently must have read. While these are unknown, many allusions and many imitations will either remain obscure, or lose half their beauty and propriety: "as the figures vanish when the canvas is decayed."

"Pope laughs at Theobald for giving us, in his edition of Shakspeare, a sample of

—all such READING as was never read.

But these strange and ridiculous books which Theobald quoted, were unluckily the very books which Shakspeare himself had studied; the knowledge of which enabled that useful editor to explain so many difficult allusions and obsolete customs in his poet, which otherwise could never have been understood. For want of this sort of literature, Pope tells us that the *dreadful Sagittary* in Troilus and Cressida, signifies Teucer, so celebrated for his skill in archery. Had he deigned to consult an old history, called the *Destruction of Troy*, a book which was the delight of Shakspeare and of his age, he would have found that this formidable archer, was no other than an imaginary beast, which the Grecian army brought against Troy. If Shakspeare is worth reading, he is worth explaining; and the researches used for so valuable and elegant a purpose, merit the thanks of genius and candour, not the satire of prejudice and ignorance. That labour, which so essentially contributes to the service of true taste, deserves a more honourable repository than *The Temple of Dullness*."

The additional matter, prefixed to the plays and notes, in the edition before us, is so considerable that we shall enumerate the contents.

“ Head of Shakespeare, from an engraving by Martin Droeshout, before the folio 1623.

Preface by Johnson.

Advertisements by Steevens.

Extract from the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, concerning our ancient theatres, &c.

The *Globe Theatre*, from the Long Antwerp view of London in the Pepysian library.

Catalogue of the earliest translations from Greek and Roman classics.

Appendix to Colman's *Terence*, relative to the learning of Shakespeare.

Dedication by Heminge and Condell to the folio, 1623.

Preface by the same.

— by Pope.

— by Theobald.

— by Hanmer.

— by Warburton.

Advertisement prefixed to Steevens's twenty plays, &c.

Rowe's life of Shakespeare.

MS. in the Herald's office.

Licences to Shakespeare, &c. from Rymer's *Fœdera* and his MSS.

Head of Shakespeare from that by Marshall, prefixed to the poems 1640.

Fac-Simile of Shakespeare's hand-writing.

Anecdotes of Shakespeare, from Oldys's MSS, &c.

Farmer's account of a pamphlet falsely imputed to Shakespeare; together with remarks on a passage in Warton's life of Dr. Bathurst.

Observations on passages in the preface to the French translation of Shakespeare.

Registers of the Shakespeare family.

Grainger's catalogue of the portraits of Shakespeare.

Ancient and modern commendatory verses on Shakespeare, with notes, &c.

List of editions of Shakespeare's plays, both ancient and modern; — of plays altered from him; — and of detached pieces of criticism, &c.

Entries of Shakespeare's plays on the books of the stationers company.

An attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written, by Edmond Malone, Esq.

From these appendages we shall, at present, select, for the entertainment of our readers, the extract from *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, concerning our ancient theatres;

as exhibiting a curious picture of the manners and humours of those times.

How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play-House.

"The *theatre* is your poet's Royal Exchange, upon which, their muses (that are now turned to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, *plaudities* and the *breath* of the great *beast*, which (like the threatnings of two cowards) vanish all into aire. *Plaiers* and their *factots*, who put away the stuffe and make the best of it they possibly can (as indeed it is their parts so to doe) your gallant, your courtier, and your captain, had wont to be the soundest paymasters, and I thinke are still the surest chapmen: and these by meanes that their heades are well stockt, deale upon this comical freight by the grosse; when your *groundling*, and *gallery commoner* buyes his sport by the penny, and, like a *bagler*, is glad to utter it againe by retailing.

"Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the farmer's sonne as to your templer: that your flinkard has the selfe same libertie to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your sweet courtier hath: and that your carman and tinker claime as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the plaies' life and death, as well as the proudest *Momus* among the tribe of *critick*; it is fit that hee, whom the most tailor's bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a *vyoll*) cas'd up in a corner.

"Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private play-house stand to receive the afternoone's rent, let our gallant (having paid it) presently advance himselfe up to the throne of the stage. I meane not into the lord's roome (which is now but the stage's suburbs.) No, those boxes by the iniquity of custome, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentleman-ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetous sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the reare, and much new sattin is there dambd by being smothered to death in darknesse. But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea and under the state of *Cambises* himselfe must our feather'd estridge, like a piece of ordnance be planted valiantly (because impudently) beating downe the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality.

"For do but cast up a reckoning, what large cummings in are purs'd up by sitting on the stage. First a conspicuous eminence is gotten, by which meanes the best and most essentiall parts of a gallant (good cloathes, a proportionable legge, white hand, the Persian locke, and a tolerable beard) are perfectly revealed.

"By sitting on the stage you have a sign'd pattennt to engrosse the whole commodity of censure; may lawfully presume to be a girder; and stand at the helme to steere the passage of scenes, yet

no

no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent over-weening cox-combe.

“ By sitting on the stage, you may, without traueelling for it, at the very next doore, aske whose play it is : and by that quest of enquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking : if you know not the author, you may raile against him ; and peradventure so behaue yourselfe, that you may enforce the author to know you.

“ By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight, you may happily get you a mistresse : if a meere *Fleet-street* gentleman, a wife : but assure yourselfe by continuall residence, you are the first and principall man in election to begin the number of *We three*.

“ By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a iustice in examining the plaies, you shall put yourselfe into such a true scenical authority, that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely before your eyes, without having first unmaskt her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a taverne, when you most knightly, shal for his paines, pay for both their suppers.

“ By sitting on the stage, you may (with small cost) purchase the deere acquaintance of the boyes : have a good stoole for sixpence : at any time know what particular part any of the infants present : get your match lighted, examine the play-suits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, &c. And to conclude, whether you be a foole or a iustice of peace, a cuckold or a capten, a lord maiors soone or a dawcocke, a knave or an under shrieve, of what stamp foever you be, currant or counterfeit, the stagelike time will bring you to most perfect light, and lay you open : neither are you to be hunted from thence though the scar-crowes in the yard hoot you, hisse at you, spit at you, yea throw dirt even in your teeth : 'tis most gentleman-like patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, crie away with the foole, you were worse than a mad-man to tarry by it : for the gentleman and the foole should never sit on the stage together.

* Mary, let this obseruation go hand in hand with the rest : or rather, like a country-serving man, some five yards before them. Present not your selfe on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cuilor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that hees upon point to enter : for then it is time, as though you were one of the *properties*, or that you dropt of the *bangings* to creep from behind the arras, with your *trijos* or three-legged stoole in one hand, and a teston mounted betweene a fore-finger and a thumbe, in the other : for if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is but halfe full, you apparell is quite earen up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be deuoured, than if it were served up in the Counter amongst the Poultry : avoid that as you would the bastome. It shall crowne you with rich commendation to laugh slowd in the midst of the
most

most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy: and to let that clapper (your tongue) be tost so high that all the house may ring of it: your lords use it; your knights are apes to the lords, do so too: your inne-a-court-man is zany to the knights, and (many very scurvily) comes limping after it: be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin snuffing till you have scented them: for by talking and laughing (like a plough-man in a morris) you heape *Pelion* upon *Offa*, glory upon glory: at first all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and only follow you: the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and when he meetes you in the streetes, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you: heele cry, *Hees such a gallant*, and you passe. Secondly you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seeme not to resort thither to taste vaine pleasures with a hungrie appetite; but only as a gentleman, to spend a foolish houre or two, because you can doe nothing else. Thirdly you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author: marry, you take up (though it be at the worst hand) a strong opinion of your owne judgment, and inforce the poet to take pity of your weaknesse, and by some dedicated sonnet to bring you into a better paradise, onely to stop your mouth.

“If you can (either for love or money) provide yourselfe a lodging by the water side; for above the conveniencie it brings to shun shoulder-clapping, and to ship away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it adds a kind of state unto you, to be carried from thence to the staires of your play-house: hate a sculler (remember that) worse than to be acquainted with one ath’ scullery. No, your oars are your onely sea-crabs, boord them, and take heed you never go twice together with one paire: often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen: and that dividing of your fare will make the poore water-snaks be ready to pul you in peeces to enjoy your custome. No matter whether upon landing you have money or no; you may swim in twentie of their boates over the river upon ticket; mary, when silver comes in, remember to pay trebble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thanks after you, when you do not draw, then when you doe: for they know, it will be their owne another daie.

“Before the play begins, fall to cardes; you may win or loose, (as fencers do in a prize) and beate one another by confederacie, yet share the money when you meete at supper: notwithstanding, to gul the ragga-muffins that stand aloofe gaping after you, throw the cards (having first torne four or five of them) round about the stage, just upon the third found, as though you had lost: it skils not if the four knaves ly on their backs, and outface the audience, there’s none such foolles as dare take exceptions at them, because ere the play go off, better knaves than they, will fall into the company.

“Now, Sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigram’d you, or hath had a flirt at your mistris, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, &c. on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket,

or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if in the middle of his play, (bee it pastorall or comedy, morall or tragedie) you rise with a skreud and discontented face from your stoole to be gone: no matter whether the scenes be good or no; the better they are, the worse doe you distast them: and being on your feete, sneake not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spred either on the rushes or on stooles about you, and draw what troope you can from the stage after you: the *mimicks* are beholden to you, for allowing them elbow roome: their poer cries perhaps, a pox go with you, but care not you for that; there's no musick without frets.

"Mary, if either the company, or indisposition of the weather binde you to sit it out, my counsell is then that you turne plaine ape: take up a rush and tickle the earnest cares of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing: mew with the passionate speeches, blare at merrie, finde fault with the musicke, whewe at the children's action, whistle at the songs; and and above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch-fashion) for your mistres in the court, or your punk in the cittie, within two hours after, you encounter with the very same block on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

"To conclude, hoord up the finest play-scraps you can get, upon which your leane wit may most favourly feede, for want of other stufte, when the *Arcadian* and *Expbuis'd* gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you: that qualitie (next to your shuttlecocke) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his ABC of complement. The next places that are fill'd after the play-houses bee emptied, are (or ought to be) tavernes: into a tavern then let us next march, where the braines of one hog'shead must be beaten out to make up another."

We shall dismiss this publication, for the present, with the anecdote added by Dr. Johnson to Mr. Rowe's life of Shakspeare, and Mr. Steevens's observations, in a note, thereon.

"In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, * and when

* Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. "The pollicie of plaies is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas the afternoon being the idlest time of the day wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how vertuously it skills not) either in gaming, following of halots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not better (since of four extremes all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plaies?" Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595.

Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called Will. Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakspeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakspeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of, *Shakspeare's boys.*†

JOHNSON.

† I cannot dismiss this anecdote without observing that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those, who if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of holding horses for subsistence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his *Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written*, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the custom to ride on horseback to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bank-side; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of the time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement, was by water: but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Some allusion to this usage (if it had existed) must, I think, have been discovered in the course of our researches after contemporary fashions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, vol. I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who (according to Dr. Johnson) related it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentic) seems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumstance so incredible into his life of Shakspeare. As to the book which furnishes the anecdote, not the smallest part of it was the composition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his Dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the bookellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed.

STEVENS.*

* We have reason to believe that Shiells did not entirely write Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*; but that a considerable part of it was compiled by Griffiths, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, then a bookseller, who projected the work, and for whom it was accordingly executed in the manner abovementioned.

We shall, in our next Review, enlarge farther on this publication; giving a specimen or two of the commentary and notes. K.

The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts. Volume the sixth. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Cadell.

The propriety of publishing a sixth volume, in addition to the five already printed of the works of the celebrated Dr. Young, is thus expatiated on in the following preface.

"The works of Dr. Young have been hitherto published in a manner very little to the reputation of their author. Although they have been reprinted several times; no one edition singly (nor even all of them together) contains every thing published by him. Those who wish to read many of his productions have therefore been obliged to seek for them in detached pamphlets difficult to obtain, in obscure miscellanies, or in the first collected editions of his works; none of which are now easily to be procured.

"A few years before Dr. Young's death, a selection of those pieces which he approved most, was made and published, under his own inspection, in four volumes; but, although he had then arrived at an advanced age, the vigour of his mind remained unimpaired; and he afterwards printed other works, which, with some omitted in his own edition, were collected into a fifth volume. Those five volumes have ever since been continued to be sold, though improperly, as a complete and perfect edition of this excellent writer's productions.

"It is presumed, the editor of the fifth volume would not have given a partial selection of Dr. Young's works, had he known where to find, or been enabled to procure the remainder of them. Every reason which could influence the author to wish that any of his pieces should be suppressed, hath long since ceased to have any weight. Many of the rejected works have been much enquired after; some of them possess great merit; and all of them derive a value from being the acknowledged productions of so favourite an author. The slightest performances of a great master are always highly esteemed; and though the present volume should not be found entirely equal to those which have been heretofore made public, it must be allowed to contain pieces which will not reflect any discredit on their author, and without which no edition of his works can be considered as complete."

The pieces contained in this additional volume are the following.

"Epistle to Lord Lansdowne—Imperium Pelagi, a naval lyric, in imitation of Pindar's spirit—The Merchant, an ode on the British trade and navigation—The foreign address—Reflections on the public situation of the kingdom, 1745—Miscellanies—On Michael Angelo's famous piece of the crucifixion—To Mr. Addison, on the tragedy of Cato—A letter to Mr. Tickell, occasioned

sioned by the death of the right hon. Joseph Addison, esq. 1719—
Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerk—Epitaph on Mr. James
Barker—Oratio habita in Sacello Collegii omnium animarum,
Junii die 20, annoque 1716. Cum jacta sunt bibliothecæ funda-
menta, ab Edv. Young, LL. B. Col. Anim. Socio—A discourse
on lyric poetry—Sermon preached before his Majesty at Kennington,
June, 1758—Miscellanies in Prose—Preface to Mrs. Rowe's
friendship in death—Dedication to the Last day—Dedication to
vanquished love—Dedication to the paraphrase on Job—Dedi-
cation to Buziris—Dedication to the Revenge—Some thoughts
on reading Mr. Young's poem on the last day, in a letter to Mrs.
Rowe.

From among these, we shall select an extract from the
author's discourse on lyric poetry, as a piece the least known,
and relative to a species of composition become of late years
a favourite with the poetical part of the public. This is
his discourse on lyric poetry, originally prefixed to the Ocean,
an ode, printed in the first volume of our author's works.

“ The ode, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spi-
ritous, and more remote from prose than any other, in sense,
sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon,
sublime, and moral; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious;
its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious*
felicity beyond other poems; its conduct should be rapturous, some-
what abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent
order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *some* composi-
tions, takes away the very soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select
thought, are indispensable; an humble tame, and vulgar ode is the
most pitiful error a pen can commit.

“ Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.

“ And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so
too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, viz. an in-
voluntary burlesque.

“ It is the genuine character and true merit of the ode, a little
to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very
apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy
of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of a tender sight, they
look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what
is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pin-
dar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to
some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all who enjoy
no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measur-
ing others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a mon-
ster, when they see a man.

“ And indeed it seems to be the amends which nature makes to
those whom she has not blest with an elevation of mind, to indulge
them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not
within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

“ Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in ode,
as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway! and a beau-
tiful

tiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

"But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgment, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

"It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, 'the more danger, the more honour.' It must be very enterprising; it must, in Shakespeare's stile, have "hair-breadth 'scapes;" and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

"Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original,* from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a Northern prose translation, is still admirable; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

"Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great masters of Lyric poetry among heathen writers. Pindar's muse, like Saccarissa, is a stately, imperious and accomplished beauty; equally disdainful the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating, that it was the highest commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms;

'Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus;'
a danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

"Anacreon's muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms, inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to admit a rival, which she cannot find.

"Sappho's muse, like Lady ———, is passionately tender and glowing; like oil set on fire, she is *soft* and *warm* in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

"Horace's muse (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid, and moral; she joins all the sweetness and majesty, all the sense and the fire of the *former*, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this peculiarity, that she abounds in *hidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion,

* The Psalms of David, Psalm xcvi. 7, 8.

to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

"But, after all, to the honour of our own country, I must add, that I think Mr. Dryden's ode on St. Cecilia's day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion. Those by which he has chosen to express Majesty, (viz.)

'Assumes the God,

'Affects to nod,

'And seems to shake the spheres——'

are chosen in the following ode, because the subject of it is great:

"For the more harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

"But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense, and expression, as could be expected if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

"To sum the whole, ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of expression, or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the best imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of antiquity; nay that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmost success. But the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief."

If we are not mistaken the public are indebted for the compilation of this volume to the industry and ingenuity of Mr. J. Nichols, successor to the late judicious and learned typographer Mr. Bowyer.

A Vindication of some Passages in the fifteenth and sixteenth Chapters of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By the Author. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Cadell.

"When I delivered to the world," says this very able vindicator, "the first volume of an important history, in which I had been obliged to connect the progress of Christianity with the civil state and revolutions of the Roman empire, I could not be ignorant that the result of my enquiries might offend the interest of some and the opinions of others. If the whole work was favourably received by the public, I had the more reason to expect that this obnoxious part would provoke the zeal of those who consider themselves as the Watchmen of the Holy city. These expectations were not disappointed; and a fruitful crop of answers, apologies, remarks, examinations, &c. sprung up with all convenient speed. As soon as I saw the advertisement, I generally sent for them; for I have never affected, indeed, I have never understood, the stoical apathy, the proud contempt of criticism, which some authors have publicly professed. Fame is the motive, it is the reward, of our labours; nor can I easily comprehend how it is possible that we should remain cold and indifferent with regard to the attempts which are made to deprive us of the most valuable object of our possessions, or at least of our hopes. Besides this strong and natural impulse of curiosity, I was prompted by the more laudable desire of applying to my own, and the public, benefit, the well-grounded censures of a learned adversary; and of correcting those faults which the indulgence of vanity and friendship had suffered to escape without observation. I read with attention several criticisms which were published against the two last chapters of my history, and unless I much deceive myself, I weighed them in my own mind without prejudice and without resentment.—After I had clearly satisfied myself that their principal objections were founded on misrepresentation or mistake, I declined with sincere and disinterested reluctance the odious task of controversy, and almost formed a tacit resolution of committing my intentions, my writings, and my adversaries to the judgment of the public, of whose favourable disposition I had received the most flattering proofs.

"The reasons which justified my silence were obvious and forcible: the respectable nature of the subject itself, which ought not to be lightly violated by the rude hand of controversy; the inevitable tendency of dispute, which soon degenerates into minute and personal altercation; the indifference of the public for the discussion of such questions as neither relate to the business nor the amusement of the present age. I calculated the possible loss of temper and the certain loss of time, and considered, that while I was laboriously engaged in a humiliating task, which could add nothing to my own reputation, or to the entertainment of my readers, I must interrupt the prosecution of a work which claimed my whole attention, and which the public, or at least my friends, seemed to require with some impatience at my hands. The judicious lines of Dr. Young sometimes

times offered themselves to my memory, and I felt the truth of his observation, That every author lives or dies by his own pen, and that the unerring sentence of Time assigns its proper rank to every composition and to every criticism, which it preserves from oblivion."

We admire the frank and ingenuous confession of our author, respecting his motives for this vindication; and must own that we are not much struck with the truth of Dr. Young's observation. That time assigns its proper rank to every literary performance, which it preserves from oblivion, is pretty certain; but it is as certain that time has preserved, for ages, some that never ought to have survived the writers, as that it has consigned to oblivion others, which ought to have been remembered. In the revolutions of science and literature, strange hath been the fate of authors, that have both lived and died by the pens of others. It may hardly be credited, yet such is the fact, that in the beginning of this very century, the works of the two greatest poets in our language, Shakespeare and Milton, were hardly known to the public in general, and were held in little estimation. To the patronage of a *Somers* and the pen of an *Addison* do they both stand considerably indebted for the revival and subsequent splendor of their fame. It may seem a little awkward, to a modest writer, to be his own scholiast; but, as nobody else could, in the present case, be so well qualified for the task, our author not only owed the task, in justice, to himself, but hath done likewise a meritorious action of justice to others. For, with Mr. Gibbon's leave, it is not merely his own cause that he has here vindicated, but that of all those who have publicly conferred applause, or professed their approbation of his performance. As we, *ourselves*, were among the first to pay the just tribute of admiration, we fall, of course, under the censure of Mr. Gibbon's most violent antagonist,* among those *feeble criticks* which are said to have bestowed their encomiums on his history. Nor is the public in general, as Mr. G. observes, without interest in this vindication.

"They have some interest to know whether the writer whom they have honoured with their favour is deserving of their confidence, whether they must content themselves with reading the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire as a *tale amusing enough*, or whether they may venture to receive it as a fair and authentic history. The general persuasion of mankind, that where

* Mr. Davis, of whose book we gave an account in our Review for August last,

much has been positively asserted, *something* must be true, may contribute to encourage a secret suspicion, which would naturally diffuse itself over the whole body of the work."

"The oblivion," as our author remarks, "towards which the charges against him seem to be hastening, will afford the more ample scope for the artful practices of those, who may not scruple to affirm, or rather to insinuate, that Mr. Gibbon was publicly convicted of falsehood and misrepresentation; that the evidence produced against him was unanswerable; and that his silence was the effect and proof of conscious guilt. Under the hands of a malicious surgeon, the sting of a wasp may continue to fester and inflame, long after the vexatious little insect has left its venom and its life in the wound."

The writers, who have animadverted on the two chapters in question, and against whom the author here vindicates himself, are the Doctors Randolph and Chelsum, Dr. Watson, Mr. Apthorpe and Mr. Davis. It is, indeed, chiefly against the charges of the latter, that this vindication is directed, and that for the reasons, which we shall give in the vindicator's own words."

"I should have consulted my own ease, and perhaps I should have acted in stricter conformity to the rules of prudence, if I had still persevered in patient silence. But Mr. Davis may, if he pleases, assume the merit of extorting from me the notice which I had refused to more honourable foes. I had declined the consideration of their *literary objections*; but he has compelled me to give an answer to his *criminal accusations*. Had he confined himself to the ordinary, and indeed obsolete charges of impious principles, and criminal intentions, I should have acknowledged with readiness and pleasure that the religion of Mr. Davis appeared to be very different from mine. Had he contented himself with the use of that style which decency and politeness have banished from the more liberal part of mankind, I should have smiled, perhaps with some contempt, but without the least mixture of anger or resentment. Every animal employs the note, or cry, or howl, which is peculiar to its species; every man expresses himself in the dialect the most congenial to his temper and inclination, the most familiar to the company in which he has lived, and to the authors with whom he is conversant; and while I was disposed to allow that Mr. Davis had made some proficiency in Ecclesiastical Studies, I should have considered the difference of our language and manners as an unsumountable bar of separation between us. Mr. Davis has overleaped the bar, and forces me to contend with him on the very dirty ground which he has chosen for the scene of our combat. He has judged, I know not with how much propriety, that the support of a cause, which would disclaim such unworthy assistance, depended on the ruin of my moral and literary character. The different misrepresentations, of which he has drawn out the ignominious catalogue, would materially affect my credit as an historian, my reputation as a scholar, and even my honour and veracity as a gentleman.

If I am indeed incapable of understanding what I read, I can no longer claim a place among those writers who merit the esteem and confidence of the public. If I am capable of wilfully perverting what I understand, I no longer deserve to live in the society of those men, who consider a strict and inviolable adherence to truth, as the foundation of every thing that is virtuous or honourable in human nature. At the same time, I am not insensible that his mode of attack has given a transient pleasure to my enemies, and a transient uneasiness to my friends. The size of his volume, the boldness of his assertions, the acrimony of his style, are contrived with tolerable skill to confound the ignorance and candour of his readers. There are few who will examine the truth or justice of his accusations; and of those persons who have been directed by their education to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity, many will believe, or will affect to believe, that the success of their champion has been equal to his zeal, and that the *serpent* pierced with a hundred wounds lies expiring at his feet."

A contrary conclusion we may venture to preface, will be drawn by every impartial and attentive reader of the Vindication before us, and that equally to Mr. Gibbon's honour and Mr. Davis's disgrace. Our readers may remember, that, in giving an account of the treatise written by the latter, we gave him credit for the *appearance* of having displayed considerable abilities, both natural and acquired, in his examination of Mr. Gibbon's work. Little did we imagine, that he had been so ingenious and industrious as to found his charges of perversion and misrepresentation against Mr. G. on the most flagrant misrepresentations of his own: although we were induced to declare, in behalf of the historian, that, notwithstanding what had been alledged against him, "We made no doubt of his being capable of very handsomely apologizing, if not of exculpating himself." We must do him the justice, also, while complimenting our own sagacity, to say that he hath done this in a very becoming and satisfactory manner. As a specimen of his controversial manner of writing, we shall extract that part of his vindication which respects his being accused of *plagiarism*; contained in the four following paragraphs.

"I. Mr. Davis has disposed, in two columns, the passages which he thinks proper to select from my Two last Chapters, and the corresponding passages from Middleton, Barbeyrac, Beaufobre, Dodwell, &c. to the most important of which he had been regularly guided by my own quotations. According to the opinion which he has conceived of literary property, to *agree* is to *follow*, and to *follow* is to *steal*. He celebrates his own sagacity with loud and reiterated applause, declares with infinite facetiousness, that if he restored to every author the passages which Mr. Gibbon has purloined, *he*

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would appear as naked as the proud and gaudy Daw in the Fable, when each bird had plucked away its own plumes. Instead of being angry with Mr. Davis for the parallel which he has extended to so great a length, I am under some obligation to his industry for the copious proofs which he has furnished the reader, that my representation of some of the most important facts of Ecclesiastical Antiquity, is supported by the authority or opinion of the most ingenious and learned of the modern writers. The public may not, perhaps, be very eager to assist Mr. Davis in his favourite amusement of *depluming* me. They may think, that if the materials which compose my Two last Chapters are curious and valuable, it is of little moment to whom they properly belong. If my readers are satisfied with the form, the colours, the new arrangement which I have given to the labours of my predecessors, they may perhaps consider me not as a contemptible thief, but as an honest and industrious manufacturer, who has fairly procured the raw materials, and worked them up with a laudable degree of skill and success.

“II. About two hundred years ago, the Court of Rome discovered that the system which had been erected by ignorance, must be defended and countenanced by the aid, or at least by the abuse, of science. The grosser legends of the middle ages were abandoned to contempt, but the supremacy and infallibility of two hundred Popes, the virtues of many thousand Saints, and the miracles which they either performed or related, have been laboriously consecrated in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Cardinal Baronius. A Theological Barometer might be formed, of which the Cardinal and our countryman Dr. Middleton should constitute the opposite and remote extremities, as the former sunk to the lowest degree of credulity, which was compatible with learning, and the latter rose to the highest pitch of scepticism, in any wise consistent with Religion. The intermediate gradations would be filled by a line of ecclesiastical critics, whose rank has been fixed by the circumstances of their temper and studies, as well as by the spirit of the church or society to which they were attached. It would be amusing enough to calculate the weight of prejudice in the air of Rome, of Oxford, of Paris, and of Holland; and sometimes to observe the irregular tendency of Papists towards freedom, sometimes to remark the unnatural gravitation of Protestants towards slavery. But it is useful to borrow the assistance of so many learned and ingenious men, who have viewed the first ages of the Church in every light, and from every situation. If we skilfully combine the passions and prejudices, the hostile motives and intentions, of the several theologians, we may frequently extract knowledge from credulity, moderation from zeal, and impartial truth from the most disingenuous controversy. It is the right, it is the duty of a critical historian, to collect, to weigh, to select the opinions of his predecessors; and the more diligence he has exerted in the search, the more rationally he may hope to add some improvement to the stock of knowledge, the use of which has been common to all.

“III. Be-

" III. Besides the ideas which may be suggested by the study of the most learned and ingenious of the moderns, the historian may be indebted to them for the occasional communication of some passages of the ancients, which might otherwise have escaped his knowledge or his memory. In the consideration of any extensive subject, none will pretend to have read all that has been written, or to recollect all that they have read : nor is there any disgrace in recurring to the writers who have professedly treated any questions, which in the course of a long narrative we are called upon to mention in a slight and incidental manner. If I touch upon the obscure and fanciful theology of the Gnostics, I can accept without a blush the assistance of the candid Beaufobre ; and when, amidst the fury of contending parties, I trace the progress of ecclesiastical dominion, I am not ashamed to confess myself the grateful disciple of the impartial Mosheim. In the next Volume of my history, the Reader and the Critic must prepare themselves to see me make a still more liberal use of the labours of those indefatigable workmen who have dug deep into the mine of antiquity. The fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries are far more voluminous than their predecessors ; the writings of Jerom, of Augustin, of Chrysostom, &c. cover the walls of our libraries. The smallest part is of the historical kind : yet the treatises which seem the least to invite the curiosity of the reader, frequently conceal very useful hints, or very valuable facts. The polemic who involves himself and his antagonists in a cloud of argumentation, sometimes relates the origin and progress of the heresy which he confutes : and the preacher who declaims against the luxury, describes the manners, of the age ; and seasonably introduces the mention of some public calamity, that he may ascribe it to the justice of offended Heaven. It would surely be unreasonable to expect that the historian should peruse enormous volumes, with the uncertain hope of extracting a few interesting lines, or that he should sacrifice whole days to the momentary amusement of his reader. Fortunately for us both, the diligence of ecclesiastical critics has facilitated our inquiries : the compilations of Tillemont might alone be considered as an immense repertory of truth and fable, of almost all that the fathers have preserved, or invented, or believed ; and if we equally avail ourselves of the labours of contending sectaries, we shall often discover, that the same passages which the prudence of one of the disputants would have suppressed or disguised, are placed in the most conspicuous light by the active and interested zeal of his adversary. On these occasions, what is the duty of a faithful historian, who derives from some modern writer the knowledge of some ancient testimony, which he is desirous of introducing into his own narrative ? It is his duty, and it has been my invariable practice, to consult the original ; to study with attention the words, the design, the spirit, the context, the situation of the passage to which I had been referred ; and before I appropriated it to my own use, to justify my own declaration, ' that I had carefully examined all the original materials that could illustrate the subject which I had undertaken to treat.' If this important obli-

gation has sometimes been imperfectly fulfilled, I have only omitted what it would have been impracticable for me to perform. The greatest city in the world is still destitute of that useful institution, a public library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large historical subject, is reduced to the necessity of purchasing, for his private use, a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work. The diligence of his book-sellers will not always prove successful; and the candour of his readers will not *always* expect, that, for the sake of verifying an accidental quotation of ten lines, he should load himself with a useless and expensive series of ten volumes. In a very few instances, where I had not the opportunity of consulting the originals, I have adopted their testimony on the faith of modern guides, of whose fidelity I was satisfied; but on these occasions,* instead of decking myself with the borrowed plumes of Tillemont or Lardner, I have been most scrupulously exact in marking the extent of my reading, and the source of my information. This distinction, which a sense of truth and modesty had engaged me to express, is ungenerously abused by Mr. Davis, who seems happy to inform his Readers, that 'in *ONE* instance (Chap. xvi. 164. or, in the first edition, 163.) I have, by an unaccountable oversight, unfortunately for myself, forgot to drop the modern, and that I modestly disclaim all knowledge of Athanasius, but what I had picked up from Tillemont,†' Without animadverting on the decency of these expressions, which are now grown familiar to me, I shall content myself with observing, that as I had frequently quoted Eusebius, or Cyprian, or Tertullian, *because* I had read them; so, in this instance, I only made my reference to Tillemont, *because* I had not read, and did not possess, the works of Athanasius. The progress of my undertaking has since directed me to peruse the Historical Apologies of the Archbishop of Alexandria, whose life is a very interesting part of the age in which he lived; and if Mr. Davis should have the curiosity to look into my Second Volume, he will find that I make a free and frequent appeal to the writings of Athanasius. Whatever may be the opinion or practice of my adversary, this I apprehend to be the dealing of a fair and honourable man.

"IV. The historical monuments of the three first centuries of ecclesiastical antiquity are neither very numerous, nor very prolix. From the end of the Acts of the Apostles, to the time when the first Apology of Justin Martyr was presented, there intervened a dark and doubtful period of fourscore years; and, even if the Epistles of Ignatius should be approved by the critic, they could not be very serviceable to the historian. From the middle of the second to the beginning of the fourth century, we gain our knowledge of the state and progress of Christianity from the successive Apologies which were occasionally composed by Justin, Athenagoras, Tertul-

* Gibbon, p. 605. N. 156; p. 606, N. 161; p. 690, N. 164; p. 699, N. 178.

† Davis, p. 273.

lian, Origen, &c. from the Epistles of Cyprian; from a few *sincere* acts of the Martyrs; from some moral or controversial tracts, which indirectly explain the events and manners of the times; from the rare and accidental notice which profane writers have taken of the Christian sect; from the declamatory Narrative which celebrates the deaths of the persecutors; and from the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, who has preserved some valuable fragments of more early writers. Since the revival of letters, these original materials have been the common fund of critics and historians: nor has it ever been imagined, that the absolute and exclusive property of a passage in Eusebius or Tertullian was acquired by the first who had an opportunity of quoting it. The learned work of Mosheim, *de rebus Christianis ante Constantinum*, was printed in the year 1753; and if I were possessed of the patience and disingenuousness of Mr. Davis, I would engage to find all the ancient testimonies that he has alledged, in the writings of Dodwell or Tillemont, which were published before the end of the last century. But if I were animated by any malevolent intentions against Dodwell and Tillemont, I could as easily, and as unfairly fix on *them* the guilt of Plagiarism, by producing the same passages transcribed or translated at full length in the Annals of Card. Baronius. Let not criticism be any longer disgraced by the practice of such unworthy arts. Instead of admitting suspicions as false as they are ungenerous, candour will acknowledge that Mosheim or Dodwell, Tillemont or Baronius, enjoyed the same right, and often were under the same obligation, of quoting the passages which they had read, and which were indispensably requisite to confirm the truth and substance of their similar narratives. Mr. Davis is so far from allowing me the benefit of this common indulgence, or rather of this common right, that he stigmatises with the name of *Plagiarism* a close and literal agreement with Dodwell in the account of some parts of the persecution of Diocletian, where a few chapters of Eusebius and Lactantius, perhaps of Lactantius alone, are the sole materials from whence our knowledge could be derived, and where, if I had not transcribed, I must have invented. He is even bold enough (*bold* is not the *proper* word) to conceive some hopes of persuading his readers, that an Historian who has employed several years of his life, and several hundred pages, on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, had never read Orosius, or the Augustan History; and that he was forced to borrow, at second-hand, his quotations from the Theodosian Code."

Our author takes his leave of Mr. Davis here, in the following words.

"I cannot profess myself very desirous of Mr. Davis's acquaintance; but if he will take the trouble of calling at my house any afternoon when I am *not* at home, my servant shall shew him my library, which he will find tolerably well furnished with the useful authors, ancient as well as modern, ecclesiastical as well as profane, who have *directly* supplied me with the materials of my History."

Mr.

Mr. Gibbon proceeds to reply to his other antagonists before mentioned: which he does with the deference due to their characters, and the manner of their behaviour to him. In a *postscript*, he makes some observations on an anonymous pamphlet, entitled *A few Remarks, &c.* by a gentleman. On which attack he makes the following pertinent reflections.

"I am ignorant of the motives which can urge a man of a liberal mind, and liberal manners, to attack without provocation, and without tenderness, any work which may have contributed to the information, or even to the amusement of the public. But I am well convinced, that the author of such a work, who boldly gives his name and his labours to the world, imposes on his adversaries the fair and honourable obligation of encountering him in open day-light, and of supporting the weight of their assertions by the credit of their names. The effusions of wit, or the productions of reason, may be accepted from an unknown hand. The critic who attempts to injure the reputation of another, by strong imputations which may possibly be false, should renounce the ungenerous hope of concealing behind a mask the vexation of disappointment, and the guilty blush of detection.

"After this remark, which I cannot make without some degree of concern, I shall frankly declare, that it is not my wish or intention to prosecute with this gentleman a literary altercation. There lies between us a broad and unfathomable gulph; and the heavy mist of prejudice and superstition, which has in a great measure been dispelled by the free enquiries of the present age, still continues to involve the mind of my adversary."

As one proof, among others, of this last remark, is this gentleman's firm belief in the story of the crucifixion of ten thousand Christian soldiers, by order of Trajan or Hadrian, on Mount Ararat; a FACT, which he challenges Mr. Gibbon to discredit if he can. Mr. G. however, very judiciously concludes with observing that, "this wonderful tale of these military saints, like that of the eleven thousand virgins, though it may contribute to the edification of the faithful, should not be rashly exposed to the jealous and inquisitive eye of those profane critics, whose examination always precedes, and sometimes checks, their religious assent."

K.

Six Essays. Translated from the Spanish of Father Feyjoo. By a Gentleman. 8vo. 4s. sewed, Becket.

(Continued from Vol. VIII. page 401.)

The

The subject of the next essay is, the value of superior excellence in nobility; to which the author adds some remarks on the power or influence of high blood.

“ He would do great service to the nobility, who could separate their vanity from their quality; for it is almost as difficult to find this dignity free from that vice, as it is to find silver in the mines without a mixture of earth. Splendor of ancestry is a fire, which produces much smoke in descendants. There is nothing of which people should be less vain than their high origin, and there is nothing of which they are more so. The best pens in all ages, both sacred and profane, have laboured to persuade, that there is no pride worse founded than that which is built upon high birth. The world perseveres in its error, and there is no flattery better received than that which compliments a man on the grandeur of his race; nor is there any adulation more hacknied and transcendent; to be convinced of which, you need only read epistles dedicatory to books. Flattery in them commonly guides the pen, and you will hardly find one which omits to lay great stress on the nobleness and antiquity of the family of the person to whom he consigns the protection of his book; and they do this, because it is pretty well known there is scarce any man so candid or modest, as not to be pleased with this eulogium.

In appreciating the value of nobility, Father Feyjoo displays a good deal of ingenuity, by the application of his reading, to the support of his argument; which, though sufficiently trite and common, affords both instruction and entertainment. It must not be concluded, however, that this essay is written solely for the use of the nobility; it is also calculated for the inferior part of mankind.

“ As it is my intention,” says our author, “ to cure the nobles of their vanity, without exempting the humble from paying them all due respects, it is necessary to advert to, and guard against the inconvenience that may result from these last omitting to do it; for although it is just to restrain pride in the nobility, it is right and fit that the common people should behave to them with respect.

“ But strong as the reasons may be, which we have alledged against the intrinsic worth of nobility, it can't be denied, that the authority which favours it is of more force than all our arguments. Every cultivated and well-regulated nation in the world, adopts and countenances this pre-eminence, which amounts to little less, than its being generally assented to by the bulk of mankind; and a universal opinion, rises superior to an ordinary one, and ought to prevail against every thing which is not self-evident, or supported by undeniable testimony.

“ The vanity (says the famous Magdalen Scudery, in the fourth volume of her *Cyrus*) which is derived only from our progenitors, is not well founded; but for all this, this illustrious chimaera, which so soothes and flatters the hearts of all mankind, is so

universally

universally established throughout the world, that it can't fail to obtain the veneration and regard of it. It is certain, that in many things common usage hurries us on against reason; but in others reason dictates to us that we should conform to the common practice, and this is the predicament, with respect to the subject we are treating of, that we find ourselves in at present.

It is however true that I have my doubts, whether this common estimation of nobility has arose of itself, or whether it is derived from an adjunct quality that is annexed to it, which is power. Noblemen are generally rich, and it may be doubted, whether the adoration that is paid to this idol called nobility, was introduced by the respect people bore to the image or figure, or the gold of which it was made. What we see is, that the nobles who fall off in riches, proceed with the same pace that they decrease in these to lose the estimation in which they were held; and although there will always remain to them some respect, who can determine, whether this proceeds from the occult influence of their generous race, or from a common habit we are in of holding them in esteem? It may also happen, that a noble reduced from opulence to poverty, may be venerated as the relict of an idol, which heretofore had been worshipped.

"It is therefore necessary, to seek for some more solid ground than any we have hitherto gone over, whereon to build the estimation which should be enjoyed by the nobility, and such, no doubt is to be found in reason, abstracted from the support of authority. It is a fixed maxim in ethics, that to every kind of excellence some honour is due; the general consent then of mankind, the regard shewn them by princes, and the privileges allowed them by the laws, having placed the nobility in a degree of superiority above that of other people; I say these considerations, ought to make us look upon nobility as a kind of excellence, to which, in consequence of its being such, we owe respect and honour.

Our good father, makes a distinction, however, under the sanction of St. Thomas Aquinas and Aristotle, between what is *honourable* and what is *laudable*.

"Virtue," says he, after the latter, "is laudable; riches, nobility, and power, deserve no praise, but have a pretension to be honoured. So that there is nothing in nobility which a man should boast or be vain of; but there is something in it, which those who are inferior to them in rank should reverence and respect. This distinction will reconcile all difficulties, and assure to the nobility esteem, without fomenting their vanity."

Respecting the complaint of decayed men of family, that noble descent gives place to wealth; whose reflections of this kind are generally attended with a sigh, that seems to express their sorrow for the corruption of the times, which hath altered and mistaken the true value of things; our author remarks that,

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"They are greatly deceived, who think the world ever was, or ever will be otherwise in this particular, for they always did, and always will, make more professions of esteem and respect to a rich man of humble origin, than to a poor one descended from an illustrious family. This is a consequence attended on, and naturally produced by the condition of humanity. Men are seldom obsequious or attentive to others from mere motives of curtesy, and without an eye to their interests, but are generally solicitous to please those, who have it in their power either to favour or injure them. Nobility is not an active quality, but wealth is. A nobleman, merely as a person enobled, can do neither good nor harm; but a rich man, holds in one hand the thunderbolt of Jupiter, and in the other the cornucopia of Amalthea. Simonides being asked which was most estimable, riches or learning, replied that he was puzzled to give an answer, because he frequently saw the learned running to pay their court to the rich and powerful, but that he never remarked the same attention of the rich to the learned; so that if in those ancient times the learned paid homage to the rich, what must the vulgar have done? Hope and fear are the two main springs which give motion to the human heart, but disinterested love operates in very few individuals. There are at this day idolatrous nations, who worship both God and the Devil; God, that he should bestow benefits on them; and the Devil, because he should not injure them. He then who can neither do good nor harm, must expect no adoration or attention paid to him. The only and most effectual instrument wherewith to do service or injury, is money; thus those who are masters of that, will also be masters of, and command the common respect and homage. Gold is the idol of the rich, and the rich are the idols of the poor; it always was so, and ever will be so."

Not that, according to our author's system, this is wrong.

"The rich," says he, "merely as rich people, are in some degree intitled to the respect that is shewn them. The blessing of the Lord, says Solomon in the Proverbs, makes men rich, so that riches is a gift from heaven, and such a gift, as according to the common estimation and opinion of the world, constitutes those who possess it worthy to be honoured and respected. St. Thomas affirms this to be the case in the following sentence: *Secundum vulgarem opinionem excellentia divitiarum facit hominem dignum honore.* (22 quest. 45. art. 1.) The common estimation in this particular, founds a right: and although that judgment should be erroneous, it would be prudent for us to wait till the world is undeceived, before we exempt ourselves from conforming to the usages of it. But this happy time will hardly ever arrive, till God with his powerful hand, shall bend and incline the hearts of men to esteem virtue, and that only; though if this happy day should arrive, the nobility may probably find a falling-off in the estimation they are at present held in; for every one then, would be respected according to

his own deeds, and not according to those of his ancestors. This mode of rating things, would be exceedingly beneficial to the state; for how well would it be served, and what good citizens would it consist of, if there was no other road but that of virtue, whereby to arrive at the public esteem! but as the case stands at present, the merit, or even the fortune of an individual, makes all his descendants glorious and honourable, and when those who succeed in that line, find that by virtue of their birth the public veneration is attached to their family, great numbers of them will consider themselves as excused from negotiating it by some honourable application."

Our author adds some remarks on the preference to be given nobility in public employments that are shrewd and pertinent.

The *sixth* and last essay treats of the machiavelianism of the ancients. This subject is introduced by an account of Machiavel himself; which, for its conciseness, we shall give our readers entire.

"Nicholas Machiavel, who was a native of Florence, lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was a man of more than middling ingenuity. He wrote the Tuscan language with beauty and propriety, although his knowledge of the Latin was but moderate. He had a good genius for writing comic poetry, which he manifested in various pieces which he wrote for the theatre; and more particularly in one of them, that was represented at Florence with such great applause, that it excited Pope Leo the tenth, as Paulus Jovius informs us, to cause it to be acted at Rome by the same players, and with the same dresses and decorations, with which it had been exhibited at Florence. When the unhappy conspiracy against the family of the Medicis, was set on foot by the Soderinis, Machiavel, who was impeached as an accomplice in it, was put to the question by torture; but either his fortitude, or his innocence, caused him to resist the rigour of that trial without making the least confession. I do not know whether it was before, or after this event, that he was made a secretary to the republic, but it is certain, that for the title of historian to it, which was conferred on him together with a good salary, he was totally indebted to the favour of the Medicis; but whether they did this from a conviction of his innocence with respect to the late conspiracy, and were disposed to recompence him by this honourable emolument, for the injury he suffered in the torture; or whether they did it from considering him an able man whom they had a mind to keep under obligations to them, in order to avail themselves of so good a pen in their favour as that of Machiavel's; I say, which ever of these motives they were actuated by, is not quite certain.

"The conferring this benefit on him, did not prevent new suspicions being entertained of his fidelity, and having concurred in another plot concerted by some private individuals, to take away the

the life of cardinal Julius de Medicis, who afterwards ascended to the popedom, by the name of Clement the seventh. This suspicion was founded entirely, on the repeated applauses, with which both in his writings and private conversations, he had celebrated Brutus and Cassius, as the defenders and vindicators of the liberty of the Roman republic; which at that time, was interpreted as an indirect exhortation to the Florentines to defend their liberty, that the Medicis either in reality or appearance, meditated to suppress. But with all this, either from mere motives of policy, or because the suspicion seemed lightly founded, no proceedings were had against Machiavel. It is confirmed, however, that after this time, he passed the remainder of his days in misery and poverty. Perhaps the Medicis, who were secretly displeased with him, thought it more adviseable, instead of bringing him to open punishment, to accomplish their dark revenge, by occult ways and means. It might also happen, that he brought himself to poverty by his own misconduct; but, be this as it will, he hastened his death as many other people have hastened theirs before him, by taking a precautionary medicine to prolong his life, which instead of lengthening, shortened it, and brought him to an untimely end in the year 1530.

“Machiavel was of a jocose and satirical disposition, and was believed to have little or no religion. There are some who say, that when he was near dying, they were under a necessity of employing the authority of the civil magistrate to oblige him to receive the sacraments. We read in many authors a wanton and insolent impiety of his, under the colour of a joke; that is, his having said, he had much rather go to hell than heaven; because in heaven he should only meet with friars, medics, and other miserable and groveling people; but that in hell, he should enjoy the company of popes, cardinals, and princes, with whom he could converse of state affairs. Others substitute, for his saying popes, cardinals, and princes, the most eminent philosophers and political writers, such as Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch, and Tacitus.

“He published a variety of books, and among them, the life of Castrucius Castracani, and the history of Florence, which do not obtain the greatest credit with the critics. But the work that made him jointly the most famous and infamous man in the world, was a political tract, entituled, “The Prince;” in which he teaches and recommends to all sovereigns, to reign tyrannically, and to govern their people, without regarding either equity, law, or religion, but sacrificing them all three, together with the public good, to his interest, his will, his caprice, and his own particular grandeur.”

Of the tendency and effect of the writings of this celebrated politician, our author speaks as follows:

“I am so far from thinking that Machiavel has made the world worse in this respect, or from supposing that the princes of these times, have refined upon the iniquitous politics of Machiavel, that I firmly believe, if we limit our enquiries precisely to Europe,

we shall find the sovereigns of it in general, much better than those of the remote ages.

“ Now-a-days, if it is in contemplation to impose some new burden on the subject, or to wage war with a neighbouring state, divines and lawyers are consulted upon the justice and propriety of the measure; an enquiry is made, how the laws stand with respect to the subject matter in question, and the archives and records are examined and turned over; and although it often happens, that from the ambitious adulation of the people consulted, a right is attributed to their prince, which in reality does not belong to him, their malice does not impeach his good faith. In former times, this was not the case. If a prince was disposed to trample on the rights of his subjects, or to subdue his neighbours, he consulted nobody, nor made any other enquiry or examination, than whether he had force and power sufficient to accomplish what he meditated; and the question was always decided, by his ability or inability to execute what he designed. In times not very distant from our own, and even in the most polished kingdoms, where the true religion has humanized people's minds, when the person invaded by a powerful prince his neighbour, has represented to him, that his pretensions to what he possesses are just and legal; the invader has laughed at the representation, and answered savagely, in the language that was then become proverbial in the mouths of kings and ministers of state, that the rights of princes were not to be determined by old rolls of parchments, but by burnished arms.

“ The further our memories carry us back through the series of past times, we find this evil the greater; and from thence proceeds that ill opinion, which in early ages was generally entertained of kings. The Romans were struck with amazement, to find the Capadocians, upon their offering to make their country a free republic, instantly request, that they would permit them to remain under kingly government; which amazement, was occasioned by their considering in a rigorous or strict sense, that mode of rule, as a mark or type of slavery. Cato said, this animal which is called a king, is a great devourer of human flesh. *Hoc animal rex carnivorum est*; and Flavius Vopiscus, tells us of a Roman buffoon, who pleasantly and keenly remarked, that the effigies of all the good kings that had ever been known in the world, might be carved on a ring. Plato in his *Georgiac* dialogue, represents kings as appearing before Rhadamanthus in hell; loaded for the most part with injustices, perjuries and other wickedness. Aristotle, in his third book of politics, recognizes as tyrannical, the exercise of the regal power, by all, or nearly all, the Asiatic princes; and Livy says, that the most sagacious and penetrating Hannibal, never confided in the promises of kings: *fidei regum nihil sanctè confusus*; a legate of the Rhodians also, according to the said Livy, observed, that kings were always desirous of making slaves of their subjects.

Thus we have the greatest reason to conclude, that it was a common practice with the princes of those times, to pay no regard to
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any law, whenever an opportunity offered of augmenting their authority.

"But we should not conclude that this was all done by main force, without the intervention of art or stratagem. The same contrivances, the same artifices, which we read of in Machiavel, and which have been practised by the most crafty tyrants of these latter ages, were exerted in the early ones."

Of this, Father Feyjoo adduces numerous instances; observing, that almost all the famous maxims, published by the Florentine, in his book *Il Principe*, are to be found in the fifth book of Aristotle's politics.

"But," says he, "let the truth prevail. I say the same both of Aristotle and Machiavel, which is, that neither of them were the inventors of systems of perverse policy; for that they copied them, from the actions of the kings of Persia and Egypt; from the Archelaus's and Phillips's of Macedon; from the Phalaris's, the Agathocles's the Hirones's, and Dionisius's of Sicily; from the Periandros's, from the Pisistratos's, and other political pests of Greece."

The attentive reader will have observed a number of mean and low expressions, in the English version of these essays, which deserve a more elegant, though perhaps not a more faithful translation.

N.

The Panegyric of Voltaire, written by the King of Prussia, and read at an extraordinary Meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Belles Lettres, of Berlin, 26th of November, 1778. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Murray.

Had the translator of this PANEGYRIC ON VOLTAIRE (which we suppose to have been written in French) been a Reviewer by profession, he could not have given a more reviewer-like account of it than he has done in his preface. We shall take the liberty, therefore, of quoting it, as containing also a very proper definition of panegyric in general.

"Voltaire, who celebrated many kings, is himself celebrated by a king. It is the province of poets to write the panegyric of princes, but Voltaire is perhaps the first poet whose panegyric is professedly written by a sovereign. The following piece was composed after the king of Prussia had begun to withdraw his troops from Silesia, and before he returned to take up his winter quarters in that country. If it is remarkable that the king of Prussia should write the panegyric of Voltaire, it is still more remarkable that he should undertake this task amidst the cares, the fatigues, and the disappointments

disappointments of the field. But the singular character of that philosophical hero renders what would appear most extraordinary in the conduct of other men, natural and familiar with him.

“ In order to estimate the merit of the panegyric, it is necessary to take into consideration not only the dignity of the author, and the peculiar circumstances in which he wrote, but the nature, object, and aim of this species of composition.

“ Without bidding open defiance to the evidence of historic truth, the panegyrist is entitled to borrow all the colours of painting, and to employ the whole power of eloquence, to magnify the character of the hero who is the object of his praise. To those actions which principally tend to elevate and adorn it, he is to give prominence and relief; while he throws whatever is blameable or defective into the shade of obscurity. This is the great rule of panegyric, as practised by its inventors, the Greeks; and such is the nature of the encomium which their imitator Pliny bestows on his admired Trajan. Whatever is great, elevated, and noble; whatever is proper to excite a mixed passion of surprize and approbation, by rising superior to the ordinary conduct and character of men, may with propriety be introduced into a panegyric. Yet the mob of mankind, dazzled with the splendor of external circumstances, and prone to admire what is elevated in rank and station, rather than what is eminent in abilities and virtue, seem to think that princes, warriors, and statesmen, are alone worthy to become the subject of popular applause. With this prejudice his Prussian majesty is obliged to contend; and it is beautiful to hear a prince, born in a country where the phantom of nobility, and the vain decoration of empty titles, are regarded with more respectful stupidity than in any other kingdom of Europe, raise his voice against the prevailing errors of his nation, and reinstate personal merit and abilities in that rank, which they are justly entitled to maintain. He proves that the fertility of M. Voltaire's genius, and his unexampled success in all the various kinds of literary composition, render him truly deserving of universal admiration; while his successful stand against that worst species of tyranny, which would enslave the heart, the affections, the minds of men, entitle him to the gratitude of the whole human race. To establish these points, his majesty gives an analysis of the principal works of his favourite author, and describes those transactions of his life, by which he added lustre to his speculative principles, and defended the injured cause of suffering humanity. The history of the family of Calas and of Syrvins, makes a distinguished figure; and the amiable beneficence of indulgent philosophy, is contrasted with the destructive rigour of gloomy superstition. With singular propriety the royal author throws a veil over the more doubtful or licentious writings of the philosopher of Ferney. He affirms that Voltaire was convinced of the great truths of natural religion; and too intimately persuaded of the authenticity of revealed, to imagine that the vain doubts and reasonings of a few speculative men, could counteract the effect of divine inspirations. The aim of his majesty through-

out, is to destroy the opinion generally entertained of the impiety of Voltaire, and to shew that he explained the philosophy of Epicurus, Hobbes, and Bolingbroke, without adopting their tenets. He goes still farther; and undertakes to prove, that the life and conduct of this celebrated writer, was generally governed by the amiable maxims, the humanity, candour, and divine charity of the gospel. The attempt is worthy of our serious attention; and proves that, even in the opinion of the king of Prussia, a disrespect for Christianity can never be employed as a topic of panegyric."

As to the panegyric itself, it is well enough, considered as the production of a royal pen; for, with all the respect we owe to his majesty of Prussia, he may be told, as Alexander the Great was told, ages ago, there is no *royal road* to the arts and sciences. We must frankly own, indeed, we conceive we should have read a panegyric on the king of Prussia, written by Voltaire, with greater pleasure than we have read the panegyric on Voltaire written by the king of Prussia. Not that this performance, considered as a professed panegyric, is contemptible. It is far from it, although we cannot help thinking some of the encomiast's remarks depreciating of the merit it avowedly means to enhance. In this following passage, for instance, the success of Voltaire's writings is attributed to a circumstance, by no means flattering to his *genius*.

"Voltaire was distinguished in his youth by that poetical vein, which made him known to Madam Rupelmonde. This celebrated lady, charmed with the vivacity and genius of the young poet, introduced him to the best societies of Paris. Formed in the great world, his taste acquired that nice delicacy and polished urbanity, which have never been attained by men merely learned and recluse, who are too far removed from the sight of good company to know what will be agreeable to it. It is principally to the *ton* which Voltaire received in these societies, that we ought to ascribe the beautiful varnish spread over his works, to which they owe their success."

It is no great compliment, we say, to the memory of Voltaire, to impute the *success* of his works to an external *court-varnish* rather than to their intrinsic merit. The former may give, indeed, a momentary brilliancy, a transitory eclat to a work of genius, but the latter only will ensure its success to posterity. As there is little information to be gathered from this discourse, respecting the celebrated personage, that is the subject of it, we shall just cite the best part of his character, from the conclusion of it; with an anecdote respecting his death, not very generally known.

"M. de Voltaire passed his life amidst the persecution of those who envied, and the applause of those who admired his greatness.

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While the invectives of the former were unable to humble his mind, the approbation of the latter did not give him too high an opinion of himself. He was satisfied with enlightening the world, and with inspiring, by his writings, the love of learning and humanity. His morality consisted not merely in delivering good precepts, but in setting a good example. His courage assisted the unhappy family of Calas; he pleaded the cause of the Syrvens, and plucked them from the barbarous hands of their judges; he would have raised from the dead the chevalier La Bâre, had he possessed the power of working miracles. How delightful is it that a philosopher, from the centre of his retreat, should exalt his voice, and become the organ of humanity, in order to compel the judges of men to suspend their unjust decrees? This single stroke in the character of Voltaire, is sufficient to entitle him to a place among the small number of the real benefactors of men. Philosophy and religion unite their strength in recommending the cause of virtue. Who then acted most like a Christian, the magistrate who cruelly banished a family from their country, or the philosopher who protected and received them? the judge who employed the sword of the law to assassinate an idle and unthinking youth, or the sage who wished to save the life of a young man, and to correct his extravagance: the murderer of Calas, or the protector of a forlorn family? This, gentlemen, will ever render the memory of Voltaire dear to all who are endowed with a feeling heart, or have been born with bowels of compassion. How precious soever may be the qualities of wit, fancy, genius, and knowledge, those presents of which nature is so rarely lavish; they can never be preferred to acts of beneficence and humanity. We admire the first, but we bless and venerate the second.

“Whatever uneasiness I feel, gentlemen, in separating myself for ever from Voltaire, the moment approaches when I must recall the grief occasioned by his death. We left him in his quiet retirement of Ferney. His affairs induced him to undertake a journey to Paris, where he expected to arrive in time to save the wreck of his fortune from a bankruptcy in which he was involved. He wished not to appear in the capital of his native country without carrying with him a present. His time, continually divided between philosophy and the belles lettres, furnished him with a variety of performances, of which he always kept a reserve. He had lately finished a new tragedy, entitled *Irene*, and wished to produce it on the theatre of Paris. It was his constant practice to subject his pieces to the severest criticism before he exposed them in public; and, agreeable to this principle, he consulted men of taste of his acquaintance concerning his new tragedy, sacrificing a vain confidence to the desire of rendering his labours worthy of posterity. Docile to the enlightened advices of his friends, he set himself with ardour to correct his piece, and employed many nights in this laborious occupation. Whether it was to divert sleep, or to restore the vigour of his senses, he prescribed to himself an immoderate quantity of coffee; fifty dishes a day scarcely satisfied his desire of this beverage, which, agitating his blood, produced a violent inflammation.

inflammation. To allay the fever occasioned by this excess, he had recourse to opiates, which he took in such large doses, as, instead of diminishing his distress, tended greatly to encrease it. Soon after the improper use of this remedy he was seized with a kind of palsy, followed by a stroke of apoplexy, which put an end to his days.

“Although M. de Voltaire was naturally of a delicate constitution; and although grief, anxiety, and intense application, had greatly weakened his health, he reached his eighty-fourth year. In his existence, mind prevailed in every thing over matter. It was a strong soul which communicated its vigour to a body almost transparent. His memory was astonishing; and he preserved the faculties of thought and imagination to his last breath. With what joy shall I recall to you, gentlemen, the testimonies of admiration and gratitude, which the Parisians bestowed on him during his last visit to his native city! It is rare, but it is pleasing, for the public to be just; and to pay that tribute of praise to extraordinary men, whom nature takes pleasure in producing at long intervals of time, that they may reap from their contemporaries the same honours which they are sure to receive from posterity. It was natural to expect that a man who had employed all the force and sagacity of his mind in celebrating the glory of his nation, should have some rays of this glory reflected on himself. The French became sensible of this, and by their enthusiasm for Voltaire, proved themselves worthy of sharing that lustre which he had diffused on them and on the age. But can it be believed, that Voltaire, to whom profane Greece would have erected altars, whom Rome would have honoured with statues, whom a great empress, protectress of the arts and sciences, wished to commemorate with a monument in her capital city, should almost have been deprived in his native country of a small quantity of earth to cover his ashes! Is it possible that in the eighteenth century, when the light of reason is so generally diffused, when the spirit of philosophy has made so great progress, there should be found *Hierophantes*, more barbarous than the *Heruli*, more fit to live with the savages of *Trapobana*, than in the centre of Paris, who, blinded by a false zeal, and intoxicated with fanaticism, should prevent the performance of the last rites of humanity to one of the most celebrated men that France ever produced. Yet this absurdity all Europe has witnessed, with a mixture of grief and indignation. But whatever may be the hatred of these fanatics, and the meanness of their vengeance in insulting the dead, neither their envious clamours, nor their savage howlings can injure the memory of M. de Voltaire. The greatest felicity they can expect is, for them and their vile artifices to be for ever consigned to darkness and oblivion, while the memory of Voltaire will encrease from age to age, and transmit his name to immortality.”

Notwithstanding the opinion that generally prevails, with regard to the late peopling of America, and the rudeness and ignorance of the inhabitants, as to all kinds of civil and military arts, yet there are some vestiges of encampments in that part of the world, that seem to look as if the natives had once possessed a greater degree of knowledge than they do now, in the art of war.

"One day," says Captain Carver, "having landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles below lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far, before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived, at a little distance, a partial elevation that had the appearance of an intrenchment: on a nearer inspection I had greater reason to suppose, that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern, that it had once been a breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation also I am convinced, that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way that commanded it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracks were worn across it by the feet of the elks and deer, and from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To shew that this description is not the offspring of a heated imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on enquiry since my return, that Monsr. St. Pierre and several traders have, at different times taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto (according to the general received opinion) been the seat of war to untutor'd Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breast-work even at present is the thicker, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and leave

leave to future explorers of these different regions to discover whether it is a production of nature or art. Perhaps the hints I have here given might lead to a more perfect investigation of it, and give us very different ideas of the ancient state of realms that we at present believe to have been, from the earliest period, only the habitations of savages."

Of the famous falls of St. Anthony, and of the singular behaviour of an Indian Prince on viewing that surprising cataract, Mr. Carver gives us the following account.

"Nearly over against this river (that is, the River St. Pierre) I was obliged to leave my canoe, on account of the ice, and travel by land to the falls of St. Anthony, where I arrived on the 17th of November. The Mississippi from the St. Pierre to this place is rather more rapid than I had hitherto found it, and without islands of any consideration.

"Before I left my canoe I overtook a young prince of the Winnebago Indians, who was going on an embassy to some of the bands of the Nawdowessies. Finding that I intended to take a view of the falls, he agreed to accompany me, his curiosity having been often excited by the accounts he had received from some of his chiefs. He accordingly left his family, (for the Indians never travel without their households) at this place under the care of my Mohawk servant, and we proceeded together by land, attended only by my Frenchman, to this celebrated place.

"We could distinctly hear the noise of the water full fifty miles before we reached the falls; and I was greatly pleased and surprized when I approached this astonishing work of nature; but I was not long at liberty to indulge these pleasing emotions, my attention being called off by the behaviour of my companion.

"The prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he supposed this to be. He told him, that he had come a long way to pay his adoration to him, and now would make him the best offerings in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms, and wrists; next an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and at last the ear-rings from his ears: in short, he presented to his God every part of his dress that was valuable: during this he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear, untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together in honour of the Great Spirit.

"The falls of St. Anthony received their name from father Louis Hennipin, a French missionary, who travelled into these parts about

the year 1680, and was the first European ever seen by the natives. This amazing body of waters, which is above 250 yards over, forms a most pleasing cataract: they fall perpendicularly about thirty feet, and the rapids below, in the space of three hundred yards more, render the descent considerably greater: so that, when viewed at a distance, they appear to be much higher than they really are. The above-mentioned traveller has laid them down at above sixty feet; but he has made a greater error in calculating the height of the falls of Niagara: those he asserts to be 600 feet; whereas, from later observations accurately made, it is well known, that they do not exceed 140 feet. But the good father, I fear, too often had no other foundation for his accounts than report, or at best, a slight inspection."

Speaking of the rivers of America, Mr. Carver says,

"I have learned from the best intelligence (gained from different tribes of Indians) that the four most capital rivers of North America, viz. the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the river Bourbon, and the Oregon, or the river of the west, have their sources in the same neighbourhood. The waters of the three former are within thirty miles of each other; the latter, however, is rather farther west.

"This shews that these parts are the highest lands in North America; and it is an instance not to be paralleled in the other three quarters of the globe, that four rivers of such magnitude should take their rise together, and each, after running separate courses, discharge their waters into different oceans at the distance of two thousand miles from their sources. For in their passage from this spot to the bay of St. Lawrence, east; to the bay of Mexico, south; to Hudson's bay, north; and to the bay at the straits of Annian, west, each of these traverse upwards of two thousand miles."

In his account of the Lakes of North America, our traveller says,

"Lake Superior, formerly termed the Upper Lake from its northern situation, is so called on account of its being superior in magnitude to any of the lakes on that vast continent. It might justly be termed the Caspian of America, and is supposed to be the largest body of fresh water on the globe. Its circumference, according to the French charts, is about fifteen hundred miles; but I believe, that if it were coasted round, and the utmost extent of every bay taken, it would exceed sixteen hundred."

In his farther description of this lake, he observes,

"That though Lake Superior is supplied by near forty rivers, many of which are considerable ones, yet it does not appear, that one tenth part of the waters, which are conveyed into it by these rivers, are carried off at this evacuation (namely the straits of St. Marie). How such a superabundance of water can be disposed of, as it must certainly be by some means or other, without which the circumference of the lake would be continually enlarging, I know

know not. That it does not empty itself, as the Mediterranean sea is supposed to do, by an under current, which perpetually counter-acts that near the surface, is certain; for the stream which falls over the rock is not more than five or six feet in depth, and the whole of it passes on through the straights into the adjacent lake (lake Huron) nor is it probable that so great a quantity can be absorbed by exhalations, consequently they must find a passage through some subterranean cavities, deep, unfathomable and never to be explored.

"Lake Huron, as it is the next in situation, is likewise the next in magnitude, to that called Lake Superior. Amongst many other bays it has one called Thunder Bay, which is distinguished by a remarkable phenomenon.

"The Indians," says our author, "who have frequented these parts from time immemorial, and every European traveller that has passed through them, have unanimously agreed to call it by this name, on account of the continual thunder they have always observed there. The bay is about nine miles broad, and the same in length, and whilst I was passing over it, which took me up near twenty-four hours, it thundered and lightened during the greatest part of the time to an excessive degree.

"There appeared to be no visible reason for this that I could discover, nor is the country in general subject to thunder; the hills that stood around were not of a remarkable height, neither did the external parts of them seem to be covered with any sulphureous substance. But as this phenomenon must originate from some natural cause, I conjecture that the shores of the bay, or the adjacent mountains, are either impregnated with an uncommon quantity of sulphureous matter, or contain some metal or mineral apt to attract in a great degree the electrical particles that are hourly borne over them by the passing clouds. But the solution of this, and those other philosophical remarks which casually occur throughout these pages, I leave to the discussion of abler heads."

We intended to have finished this article in our present number, but so many curious particulars have occurred on farther perusal of the work, that we must defer the conclusion of it till our next. E.

Immaterialism delineated: or, a View of the first Principles of Things. By Joseph Berrington. 8vo. 4s. Robinson.

Principiis obsta, is a maxim which is adopted in no science perhaps more prudentially than in that of *natural philosophy*: for it is under this class of human knowledge we consider every enquiry into the nature of *matter*, and every peep into the *first principles* of things. We hope our graver readers will excuse

excuse our making use of so ludicrous a term; but really its propriety struck us so forcibly upon this occasion, that we could not help wishing Mr. Berrington himself had made use of it instead of the word *view*; for really and truly the *look* in which Dame Nature hath here indulged him at the first principles of things, is not a whit more satisfactory than that which Lady Godiva afforded *peeping Tom*, when she rode in her birth-day suit through the town of Coventry. Not that we would stigmatize Mr. Berrington with the name of *peeping Joseph*, or intimate that his curiosity, though indulged like the poor taylor's, by stealth, was punished by the same chastisement. It is to be hoped he will see clearly hereafter, that *learned lumber* is not *science*, and be convinced, that a man may even collect a number of good books, transcribe some of their very best passages, and even re-publish them in the form of a book, without appropriating to himself, or possessing, any consistent and systematical knowledge of the subject to which they relate. That such a thing is possible, *ecce signum*: and yet we dare say this philosophical *Falstaff* thinks "he never dealt better since he was a man." To be sure, he has paid off those rogues in buckram, the *materialists*: one, at least, he has paid; poor *Priestley*! Alas, how wilt thou survive this dreadful bastinado!---The Doctor, however, may thank himself for the consequences of having raised such an *immaterial*, unsubstantial opponent into the importance of an adversary.* To the same cause, also, must be imputed the trouble we shall ourselves take to expose the fallacy and inanity of what this writer calls his delineated system of immaterialism. But, before we enter upon the book itself, it may not be improper to give our readers some little history of it and of the author, from the *preface*.

"When, in the course of the year 1776, I published my *Letters on materialism, and on Hartley's theory of the human mind*, addressed to Dr. Priestley, I had not the least idea of making myself a principal in the dispute; nor indeed, had I, at that time, the most distant intention of shewing myself any farther on the scene. With a view of barely saying something on a subject, I deemed of some importance, and by that means, if possible, to stimulate the attention of others to a fuller discussion of the question, I then entered the lists. I was therefore pleased with the idea of contemplating in future, in the character of a mere spectator, the various evolutions of the combatants, who, I fancied, would eagerly engage

* For which, indeed, Dr. P. makes a whimsical kind of apology, in his *Letters* to Dr. Kenrick, *viz.* that such antagonist was not a weak one, in his own [Mr. B's] opinion, and perhaps in that of some others.

in the cause. Nothing of the kind has happened. I singly provoked contest with an enemy, too powerful, and too well versed in the wily arts of controversy; and, thus imprudently engaged, have the misfortune still to see myself quite alone and unsupported."

Had not we ourselves received more than one letter from this writer, during the interval in question, testifying to the contrary, we should † have conceived, from this strange declaration, that Mr. B. had been sequestered from the world, and was a total stranger to what was doing in it. Would he have his readers believe, that he had not heard, before the publication of this preface, ‡ of the author of "an essay on the immateriality and immortality of the soul;" of Mr. *Whitehead's* treatise on materialism, &c. of Dr. *Horsley's* sermon, of Dr. *Kenrick's* letters, and of a little troop of anonymous antagonists to Dr. *Priestley*? Did he hear none of the trumpeters to the shew-booth give out months ago the approaching trial of skill between those celebrated masters in the science of metaphysics, the Doctors *Priestley* and *Price*? Or did he look upon all these opponents to his adversary as mere *nobodies*; that he thus adopts the motto of *Pomel* the fire-eater, and swaggers with his *sum solus*?

"Little attention," continues he, "has been given to us by philosophers; whilst Dr. *Priestley*, sedulous to the cause he had undertaken, has in the meanwhile employed every nerve of attention to settle on a firmer basis the material system, which indeed required all his labour and ingenuity to reform and support. He has now given to the public his *disquisitions relating to matter and spirit*."

"The character of the man, who now stands forth the strenuous advocate for *materialism*, is of a magnitude, in the literary world, sufficient to stamp a dignity on any subject. Dr. *Priestley*, from the multiplicity, the ingenuity, the importance of his researches and publications, has justly acquired a reputation, which every lover of science must look up to with gratitude and respect. The surprizing versatility of his genius, justly levelled and proportioned almost to every literary pursuit, at once evinces his vast application, and is in my eye a practical refutation of the system he now offers to support. It can never be, that the powers of matter may rise to the display of such a mental phenomenon."

It will be very hard if, in return to this high panegyric, Dr. *Priestley* does not make his lavish admirer some decent

† See one of them printed by mistake in the Appendix to the seventh volume of our Review.

‡ This curious preface, indeed, is dated May 28, 1778, as if it were written before the book; a singular circumstance, if true; prefaces being usually written last. Be this, however, as it may, as we have in this publication a letter to Dr. *Priestley*, of so late a date as December the 16th, after the appearance of Dr. *Priestley* and Dr. *Price's* discussion, at which time the state of things were so greatly altered, the preface, though even printed, should have been altered too.

return;

return; although we do not suppose the Doctor's superlative vanity will be at all flattered by it. Things of infinite magnitude (to speak the language of philosophers) will not admit of addition. We are yet sorry to see Dr. Priestley reduced, by such encomiasts as the present, into the proverbial predicament of *asinus asinum fricat*. We have already hinted that the performance before us is a kind of miscellaneous collection of philosophical scraps taken from various authors; an insinuation which it behoves us, of course, to support on proper evidence; which we shall do as concisely as possible, by just turning the seamy side outwards, and exposing the motley thread of this *Joseph's* coat of many colours. In the first place, our author sets out, by way of introduction, with declaring not only what *is*, but what *is not* the *system* he chuses to advance.

"It is not my intention to circumscribe myself within the narrow bounds of *matter* and *spirit*, as applicable only to *man*; or to prove against Dr. Priestley and other materialists, that *man* is a composite arising from the union of those two so dissimilar substances. This I attempted in a former work.* I shall now take a wider range, and (as far as my abilities will bear me) endeavour to bring the general system of nature into review before me. The result of this delineation will, I trust, prove favourable to *immaterialism*."

Again.

"The system I mean to advance, is: so far from *matter* being the sole existing substance, deducible, as is pretended, from the general appearances of nature, that every phenomenon and every effect which *man* can contemplate, universally combine to demonstrate to him, that all the appearances in nature are a collection of effects, only perceptible to a *simple immaterial being*; and that the very causes or principles of such effects, are themselves ultimately and radically *simple and uncompound*ed, not to say *immaterial*."

Such is not, and such is, the professed design of this reviewer of the *general system of nature*. After the announcing of which, he starts at his own temerity, and with the fashionable *mock-modesty* of Dr. Price and other *meek-spirited* authors, "sincerely laments that his abilities are unequal to the extent of his plan;" and confesses that he "really shrinks before the magnitude of his undertaking." Nor is this to be wondered at, having but just before, like the frog in the fable, puffed himself up to contend with the ox-like magnitude of Dr. Priestley's reputation; it is no wonder, we say, he should, on a retrospective view, be so ready to shrink a little into himself again. This modest fit (for your parox-

* Letters on materialism, &c.

yfins of modesty, like others, seldom last long) is however soon over with him; and he sets to work as boldly as if he had never had any qualms or squeamishness of the kind. In chapters *first* and *second* we accordingly find him vaulting upon the high rope of *metaphysics*. He is an *idealist* with *Berkeley* and a *potentialist*, adopting the unsubstantial forms of *Aristotle* and *Harris*. *Matter* is, of course, with him the *ὕλη*, the *nec quid, nec quale, nec quantum, sed hæc omnia in potentia*: or, to speak the plain English of these gentlemen, it is *universal privation* and *universal capacity*. In his third chapter he attempts to shew how *body* is educed from this same *matter*, and to explain the origin of *extension* and its principles. We shall give this chapter entire, as a specimen of our author's manner of deducing physical from metaphysical ideas.

"Leaving behind us that obscure and formless being, *primary matter*, we shall soon come to something more definable, something, whose reality our own perceptions uniformly attest, as already mentioned.*

"In order to render *matter* a perceptible object, we must invest it with certain *qualities* or *forms*, as the schoolmen expressed themselves, whereby it will be drawn out of its *chaotic primary state*, and impressed with a distinctive character. Thus *informed*, it becomes *body*, or a something so denominated from the attestation of our senses. 'Not that there ever was in actuality either *matter* without *body*, or *body* without *quality*; but we say so, as we contemplate the well-ordered generation of things, dividing those things in imagination, which are by nature inseparable.†

"Pure and original *body* may be defined *matter triply extended*. *Extension* enters into the primary conception of *body*. But *extension*, this inseparable quality of all bodies, is itself preceded by something, as its source or principle of eduction, without which it would not exist. The first and most simple of all extensions is a *line*: a line, as mathematicians conceive, is formed by the effluxion of a *point*, or else, from two or more points placed in contiguous order. The *point* therefore, or *unity*, is the essential constituent of a line, or of the first species of extension. This when united with a second line, forms a *superficies*, extension, properly so called; and those, together with a *third*, make a *solid* or *body*, which is *matter triply extended*, in *length*, *breadth*, and *thickness*.

"As a *point* therefore, or *unit*, is essential to the formation of a *line*, and as without the latter no one species of extension could exist, it follows evidently that *unity* is itself the essential principle of *extension*, considered as the inseparable quality of *body*: therefore is this extension an effect arising from the arrangement of units or points, as *number* is supposed to flow from the succession or conjunc-

* Chapter I.
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† Ammonius quoted, *Phil. Arrang.* Page 84.

tion also of units; and as units, taken separately, are not number, but the coefficients of number, so neither are points themselves extension, but they are that which forms extension. A point is not a line, nor is a line a surface, nor a surface a solid; the union of the three constitutes a solid or body. In a word, as the principle of a line is a point, of a surface a line, and of a solid a surface, consequently the *point* itself is ultimately the real principle of body, and therefore the source of all extension is to be placed in simple points, or elements, themselves unextended.

"But as body, under this general character, is still too indefinite and vague to be an object of contemplation, it is further requisite, its extension should be *bounded*: the bound or limit of body is *figure*; this then may be considered as the next *form*, after extension, which qualifies body.*

"Yet is not such body, barely *extended* and *bounded* by *figure*, an object to the *natural philosopher*; it is only *body mathematical*. The mathematician considers nothing in body, but its extension and figure: thus divested of every other attribute, it becomes an object the most simple, the most obvious, and precise imaginable; yet such an object enjoys no existence out of the mind; all its reality is ideal, the effect of mental *abstraction*.

"*Mathematical* body therefore not being sufficient for the purposes of nature, we must proceed to invest it with other forms. *Extension* and *figure* only regard its *external*, too superficial a subject to occupy the plastic and animating hand of nature. An *internal organization* of parts is then requisite, which consists in *adjustment*, *disposition*, or *arrangement* of materials. Here, and no sooner, we behold *body physical*; for every such body is some way or other *organized* †

"These three, *extension*, *figure*, *organization*, are deemed sufficient to characterize and constitute *body natural*; *figure*, as has been repeated, having respect to its *external*; *organization* to its *internal*; and *extension*, being common both to one and to the other. From a just variation in these *universal* and *primary* forms, it is thought, may originate all other attributes of body, such as the *qualities* called *sensible*, from being the proper objects of our several sensations. These are hardness and softness, roughness and smoothness, the tribes of colours, flavours and odours, not to mention those powers of character still more subtle, the powers attractive, repulsive, electric, magnetic, medicinal, &c. ‡

"I have chosen," adds Mr. B. "in this description of "body chiefly to follow Mr. Harris, because there is a "lucid precision in his ideas, seldom to be found in abstracted composition; and because, in this instance particularly, he seems to have expressed the common conception of philosophers." Nor, we will venture to say, of

* *Phil. Arrang.* Page 36.

† *Ibid.* Page 37.

‡ *Phil. Arrang.* Page 38.

modern philosophers, or of natural philosophers, who deduce physical principles according to Sir Isaac Newton's rule of philosophizing, by *analysis* from mechanical experiment; and not, after the mode of Aristotle and the ancients, by *synthesis* from abstract speculation. Precision of ideas is doubtless of the highest consequence to scientific investigation; but so also is propriety of ideas, and perspicuity of expression. Now the notions of the ancient philosophers, adopted by Mr. Harris, respecting universal and primary forms, however precise in imagination, are applicable to no fact or natural phenomenon: their lucidity is rather dazzling than clear, while the expression of them is to an experimental philosopher dark as Erebus. To prove at least that Mr. Berington is in the dark amidst all this brightness, we need only to advert a little to the lucid precision of his own ideas in the above chapter. "Extension," says he, "that inseparable quality of all bodies, is itself preceded by something as its source of eduction, without which it would not exist." *Extension exist!* The existence of mere extension, however inseparable it may be from our idea of body, is certainly merely ideal: unless Mr. Berington adopts Dr. K's definition of extension, as a space described and occupied by a power of expansion, as "the source or principle of its eduction." In this case, indeed, extension or space may rank among real beings, and lay claim to physical existence. In such case, however, it would in effect be the same thing as substance; and might very properly be considered as one of the constituent principles of body. But body cannot be deduced, in the manner pointed out by this writer, from mere extension; even if we allow of the speculative absurdity, of saying things exist that are merely ideal. For argument's sake, we will, for a moment, lay aside the natural philosopher, (whose exclusive province, however, it is to consider this subject) and take up the metaphysician; admitting the ideal existence of our author's body mathematical; we say, even in this case such body is not educible, as he pretends, from the apposition of mere mathematical points. We admit, indeed, that a line is generated by the flowing of a point, a surface by the flowing of a line, and so forth: but our author speaks of the "effluxion of a point," and the "placing two or more points in contiguous order," as in effect the same thing: whereas two or more points cannot be placed in such order but by the interposition of a line between every two. And what is to generate such lines?---Again, it is not the union of a second line with a first that forms a superficies: for if united they would

not even be *two* lines but *one*. Approximated by *juxta-position*, they must necessarily be separated by a superficies of some certain breadth: and what, as before, is to constitute that superficies? Mr. B. mistakes in supposing that *points* are the constituents of *extension*, as *units* are the coefficients of *number*. "Extension," he says, "is an effect arising from " the arrangement of units or points, as *number* is supposed " to flow from the succession or conjunction also of units." But an arrangement is made merely by *juxta-position*; the things arranged have a distinct and separate coexistence; *units* may therefore constitute *number*: but an unit is an integral and definite term, and it increases *number* by repetition, not by succession or conjunction: an *unit* may be supposed to be formed by flowing from the point of nullity; but when formed an *unit* is as truly a *number*, though it be *singular*, as if it were *dual* or *plural*. *One* does not flow into *two*, nor *two* into *three*; the increase of *numbers* is by apposition, and not as before observed, like *extension* by fluxion; a *point* in *space* does not answer to an *unit* in *number*; the latter is a *quantity*, the former no quantity at all. On this subject of *extension*, our author introduces the conundrum of the *Zenonists*, and the pertinent, though silent, answer of the peripatetic *Diogenes*, to the following demonstration of the impossibility of motion.

"Disputant," says he, "may quibble eternally about *aliquote* and *proportional* parts, certainly there are in every portion of matter, for ever divisible, an *actual* infinite number of moities, as much distinguished from each other by extra-position, as is, in any number, a series of contiguous balls ranged linearly in contact with each other; and this infinite number of moities, though diminishing in one uniform scale, cannot be run over, in a given time, unless an *infinite* number of units may be counted and exhausted by measure and supputation. The scale of uniform diminution can never remove this insuperable difficulty against progressive motion, which arises not from the mass, but from the *infinite* number of divisible parts. Yet the undoubted power, and actual exercise of progressive motion, are popular truths so very manifest, that no man in his senses would pretend to contest their reality. If the buffoon *Diogenes* seriously thought, that to get up and walk was a sufficient refutation of *Zeno's* reasoning, it only proved that the man had not penetration enough to discover the force of the philosopher's argument."

There can hardly be a greater quibble or fallacy invented, than the above proposition, viz. that a finite line cannot be run over in a given time, unless an infinite number of units may be counted and exhausted. There is no common measure applicable to *matter* and *motion*; the parts of the one are

coexistent

coexistent, the other *successive* : * there requires no certain duration to distinguish between two successive points of time, as there does of *extension* to distinguish between two points of space. The buffoon *Diogenes*, therefore, as Mr. Berington calls him, gave *Zeno* a very proper reply to his futile argument. Dismissing, therefore, our author's eduction of *body mathematical*, we shall examine into that of his *body physical*, in a future review.

W.

An Account of the Scarlet Fever and Sore Throat, or Scarlatina Anginosa ; particularly as it appeared at Birmingham, in the Year 1778. By William Withering, M. D. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

The public are much indebted to Dr. Withering for this early and accurate account of a disease, which may be said to be, in a manner, *new* to the inhabitants of this island ; many persons having already fallen victims to its severity. The following is a description of its most usual appearance.

" This disease first appeared in Birmingham, about the middle of May, and in the beginning of June was frequently in many of the towns and villages in the neighbourhood. It was preceded by some cases of the true ulcerated sore throat, and accompanied in its course through the summer by the chin-cough, the measles, the small-pox, and several instances of the true quinify.

* It has, indeed, been said that *motion* is as definite and precise in quantity as *extension* ; for that nothing can move without moving with some determinate *velocity*. But this plea is fallacious : for what is *velocity*, but the relation between a certain given time and a certain given space ? Now as *space*, though it may be divided indefinitely into coexistent parts of some certain extent, it cannot be divided into mathematical points, so *time* cannot be divided into coexistent parts at all ; no two successive moments either passing at the same time, or yet requiring any certain extent of duration, to distinguish them from each other. There is, therefore, no comparative relation between the constituent elements of *space* and *time*, although there be such a relation between a *finite quantity of extension* and a *finite quantity of duration*. For *motion* to have any determinate *velocity*, it is necessary that it should describe a given space in a given time ; but this cannot be done before motion have actually taken place, and such space is so described ; which is not the case at the commencement of such motion ; which must therefore, of necessity, commence before any determinate velocity is attained. *Celeritas sibi fecit eundo*. For, it is to be considered, that, though the *momentum*, or force of the *impetus* generating motion be determinate, the celerity of the motion thereby generated depends on the resistance of the medium opposing its direction ; which resistance is at first nothing, and increases from nothing till it arrives at a *maximum*, determining the celerity of such motion. *Increase and diminution* may proceed *ad infinitum*, but not *addition and division*. These must have *aliquot parts* ; which parts obtain in *space or extension*, described by *local apposition*, but not in *time or succession*, described by *local motion*.

" It

" It continued in all its force and frequency to the end of October, varying however in some of its symptoms as the air grew colder. In the beginning of November it was rarely met with, but towards the middle of that month, when the air became warmer, it increased again, and in some measure resumed those appearances which it possessed in the summer months, but had lost during the cold winds in October.

" It affected children more than adults; but seldom occurred in the former under two years of age, or in the latter when more than fifty. In children the number of boys and girls that suffered from it was nearly equal; but in adults the number of female patients considerably exceeded that of the male; probably because the former were more employed in attendance upon the sick, and consequently more exposed to the infection.

" On the first seizure the patients feel an unusual weariness, or inaptitude to motion; a dejection of spirits, and a slight soreness or rather stiffness in the throat; with a sense of straitness in the muscles of the neck and shoulders as if they were bound with cords. In a few hours chilly fits take place, generally alternating with flushing heat; but at length the heat prevails altogether. The patients now complain of slight head-ach, and transitory fits of sickness. They pass a restless night, not so much from pain, as from want of inclination to sleep.

The next day the soreness in the throat increases, and they find a difficulty in swallowing, but the difficulty seems less occasioned by the pain excited in the attempt, or by the straitness of the passage, than by an inability to throw the necessary muscles into action. A total disinclination to food takes place, and the sickness frequently arises to a vomiting. The breathing is short and often interrupted by a kind of imperfect sigh. The skin feels hot and dry, but not hard: and the patients experience frequent, small, pungent pains, as if touched with the point of a needle. Towards evening the heat and restlessness increase; the breath is hot and burning to the lips; thirst makes them wish to drink, but the tendency to sickness, and the exertions necessary to frequent deglutitions are so unpleasant, that they seldom care to drink much at a time. This night is passed with still greater inquietude than the former. In the morning the face, neck, and breast, appear redder than usual; in a few hours this redness becomes universal, and increases to such a degree of intensity, that the face, body, and limbs, resemble a boiled lobster in colour, and are evidently swollen. Upon pressure the redness vanishes, but soon returns again. The skin is smooth to the touch, nor is there the least appearance of pimples or pustules. The eyes and nostrils partake more or less of the general redness; and in proportion to the intensity of this colour in the eyes, the tendency to delirium prevails.

" Things continue nearly in this state for two or three days longer, when the intense scarlet gradually abates, a brown colour succeeds, and the skin becoming rough, peels off in small branny scales.

scales. The tumefaction subsides at the same time, and the patients gradually recover their strength and appetite.

“ During the whole course of the fever, the pulse is quick, small and uncommonly feeble. The bowels regular in their discharges. The urine small in quantity, but scarcely differing in appearance from that of a person in health. The submaxillary glands are generally enlarged, and rather painful when pressed by the fingers.

“ The tongue is red and moist, at the end and at the sides, but drier in the middle, and more or less covered with a yellowish brown mucus. The *velum pendulum palati*, the uvula, the tonsils, and the gullet as far as the eye can reach, partake the general redness and tumefaction. I never saw any real ulceration in these parts, but sometimes collections of thick mucus, particularly on the back of the *œsophagus*, greatly resembling the specks or sloughs in the putrid sore throat, but these are easily washed away by any common gargle. After the fever ceases, it is not uncommon to have abscesses from one or both sides of the neck under the ears, but the matter easily discharges itself through the ruptured teguments, and they heal in a few days without much trouble.”

Such, says Dr. Withering, is a picture of the disease, and its most usual appearance; but it too frequently assumes a much more fatal form. He proceeds, therefore, to describe its more uncommon symptoms both in infants and adults; as well as the peculiarity of its *autumnal* appearances. On a consequential disease, after the cessation of the fever, the doctor observes, that

“ Happy would it be for the ease of the practitioner, but still more so for that of the patient, if the baleful influence of the scarlet fever and sore throat had its termination here. But in ten or fifteen days from the cessation of the fever, another train of symptoms demands the attention of the former, and exercises the sufferance of the latter. They feel, after a few days amendment, a something that prevents their further approach to health: an unaccountable languor and debility prevails, together with a stiffness in the limbs, an accelerated pulse, disturbed sleep, disrelish to food, and a paucity of urine.

“ These symptoms are soon followed by an universal swelling of the anasarca kind, and sometimes an ascites. In some patients the feverish disposition runs high, in others it exists only in a moderate degree. In some the dropsy affects the brain, producing coma-vigil, delirium, blindness; with the most enlarged expansion of the iris, which is incapable of contraction in the strongest light. In others, the dropsy falls upon the lungs, and produces every symptom of the true *hydrops pectoris*. The tongue is dry and brown; the skin harsh; the urine of a deep mahogany colour, small in quantity, and depositing a sediment of a still deeper hue, and in a powdery form.

“ The urgency of these symptoms, added to the very evident appearance of disease, soon compel the patients or their friends to apply

apply for assistance; and the event, under the mode of treatment hereafter to be described, is almost always favourable."

Dr. Withering proceeds to treat of the scarlet fever, in its simple state, in which it is no uncommon disease in England; and hath been noticed by Sydenham, Dover, Morton and others. He goes on to consider it next in a more malignant form, as treated by Sennertus of Saxony, and Schultzius in Poland, so long since as the year 1664, by Plenciz, at Vienna, Navier, at Montpelier, and other writers. By a particular comparison of the symptoms with the sore throat, attended with ulcers, as described by Dr. Fothergill, he endeavours to prevent the possibility of mistaking them. The doctor enters next into the *rationale* and causes of this disease, with the method of cure; adding a few cases, by way of farther illustration. N.

A Sketch of the Distinguishing Graces of the Christian Character, as originating from the Holy Spirit's secret yet efficacious Influence upon the Minds of Men: with a Rational Inquiry into the Reality and Nature of Divine Influences. By Philip Gurdon, M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Matthews.

The professed motive for Mr. Gurdon's taking up the pen to delineate the sketch before us, viz. *Christian Philanthropy*, is so excellent, that greater defects in style and composition, than have occasionally escaped him, may be forgiven him on that account. Not that we are much pleased with his adopting the usual pitiful pretence to *timidity* and *diffidence* in his preface; while he speaks with so much *confidence* in his work.* Setting this indiscretion

* Thus he "entreats the candour and indulgence of men of superior knowledge and abilities," and at the same time presumes to prescribe limits to their researches, and confine the enquiries of *genius* within the bounds of his own want of comprehension.

"Lord Chancellor Bacon," says he, that illustrious luminary of this nation, and restorer both of literature and philosophy out of the rubbish in which they had been buried for several ages, led the way to true science; which has been successfully pursued by the great Sir Isaac Newton and the rest of our rational philosophers, who have rejected the vague and unsatisfactory conjectures into the occult essences and causes, and wisely confined their physical inquiries to those subjects in philosophy which come under the test of experiment. Sir Isaac was content to illuminate the world (to mention but one instance) with those discoveries experimental philosophy would afford him of light and colours; prudently leaving to chimerical philosophers their proper regions of darkness, the investigation and casual deduction of those secret springs which are open only to the eye of him who at first spake all things into being, and, though unseen, upholds all things by his word

indiscretion or affectation aside, we confess ourselves particularly satisfied with the following declaratory explanation of the abovementioned professed motive.

"Sensibly impressed with its constraining power, he has been led to mourn over the miseries, and ardently to desire and seek the happiness of his fellow-creatures. One particular circumstance has in a peculiar manner touched his tender feelings upon this occasion: The state in which great numbers, whom he highly respects for genius, education, polite literature, and scientific knowledge, stand affected to vital religion. Several, thus distinguished, have openly attacked its strong-holds; others have, more covertly, endeavoured to undermine its foundations; and a third class, though professing to be its friends, have manifested a traitorous indifference to the defence of its very bulwarks, not to say, have opened the citadel itself to avowed enemies. As he feels no resentment against such persons, but a grief for them as so fatally deceived, he hopes at least to be heard with a dispassionate temper of mind. He is very sorry that occasions have been too frequently given them by the absurdity, hypocrisy, and lukewarmness of many nominal Christians. The enthusiastic pretensions of some; the dull, lifeless, and insipid formality of others; the cobweb system of mere morality; which has been substituted in the place of true religion by great numbers who profess the Christian name, have had too prevailing an influence with many to insist themselves under the banner of infidelity. By

word of his power. A shallow reviewer may think at one glance of his eye to see into the very depth of things, whilst the diligent examiner soon perceives that it is but the surface with which he is acquainted: when he attempts to penetrate further he finds himself surrounded with mysteries in the nature of things which he can neither unravel nor comprehend. The smallest blade of grass baffles all the philosopher's attempts to account for either its being or its growth. Though the great Newton may point out the various effects resulting from the different assemblage of colours; yet the constituent essential difference between light and iron or any other body is no more known by the wisest philosopher than by the most illiterate and ignorant peasant; notwithstanding the latter may have folly enough to imagine that the question is attended with no difficulty at all."

Now, with due deference to this *diffident confident* writer, we will venture to tell him that had the *experimental philosophers*, who have succeeded to Newton and Bacon, pursued the same mode of investigation, and followed the way, which they led to true science, even though *haud passibus aequis*, the world would have been much farther advanced than it is in the knowledge of natural causes. The "rest of our rational philosophers," as he calls them, who have, since the time of Sir Isaac Newton, confined their enquiries to physical experiment, have done little or nothing to the advancement of natural philosophy. They have, indeed, improved on the apparatus and mechanical method of making experiments; they have filled the world with air pumps, fire engines, and electrical whirligigs, but hardly a step have they gone forward in theory; although Sir Isaac pointed out the way as plainly as possible: for this writer is mistaken in his insinuation that Newton left to chimerical philosophers and their proper regions of darkness the investigation and deduction of many of those secret causes of which he confessed himself ignorant. On the contrary, he strongly recommended to future philosophers the enquiry after the *cause of gravity* and the other first principles of motion, on which depended the mechanical solution of all the phenomena of nature. We approve in general of Mr. Burdon's theological sentiments and his religious instructions; but *ne futor ultra crepidam*.

the above deceptive representations of religion they have been led to judge, that, if morality be all in all in the Christian scheme, as some pretend, then the gospel revelation must be useless, and natural religion or a system of ethics must supersede such a superfluous dispensation---Or, from a different, yet equally false and absurd supposition, they have been induced to imagine that they must become irrational in their minds, extravagant in their imagination, and renounce every delicate feeling and emotion of the soul if they would be the followers of Christ. By way of answer to these and several similar objections, in the ensuing treatise, the author has endeavoured to shew that Christianity carries its true disciples beyond the highest moral attainments---That the truths which we embrace, the principles by which we are influenced, the spirit and temper, the life and conduct which we are to manifest, if we would give a declarative proof of the reality and power of our religion, are agreeable to the highest reason. In respect to the last objection, throughout the whole of this essay, in discussing its respective topics, it is attempted to prove, as a principal end in view, that genuine vital religion is truly sentimental---That it excites and cherishes the most generous and noble feelings of the soul, directs them to their proper objects, and makes the heart truly happy in the lively and vigorous exercise of them. Christianity, as it opens a field of knowledge sufficient to expand and fill every intellectual faculty of the mind, also discovers objects suitably adapted to raise, warm, and dilate every affection of the soul."

Mr. Burdon begins his work with "a rational inquiry into the reality and nature of divine influences."—"In an age," says he,

"Wherein infidelity so much abounds as the present, I make no doubt but that several at first sight would charge the very idea of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon the souls of men in the work of salvation with palpable absurdity, fit not manifest impossibility. I would ask such an objector, whether he believes that he has a soul, or spiritual substance, as well as a body? I would beg leave then further to ask him, how it is that his soul and body mutually act upon each other? That such mutual agency is a fact he cannot deny, unless he at once sets aside the constituent difference between matter and spirit. To make this appear we need but observe, that if the body receives a wound, the soul sympathizes with it and feels its pain. Or is the spirit troubled, perplexed, distressed? The body manifests sympathy also with its beloved inmate the soul in languor, pining disease, and sometimes death.

"If the objector should say, that he believes these different operations of his soul and body, though he cannot account for them; why then should be rejected as absurd or impossible the agency of the Holy Ghost upon the minds of men, since there does not seem more nor so much difficulty in supposing that one spirit should act upon another spirit, as in supposing that spirit should act upon matter, and yet further that meer insensible matter should act upon spirit? An old objection may be still urged against the divine influences

fluences of the Holy Ghost.—*How can these things be?* This cavil was started by Nicodemus against this very same doctrine, as taught by the great prophet of the church himself. In the discourse which he held with this ruler of the Jews, we are furnished with a sufficient reply to all objections of the like nature. (*John iii. 8.*) *The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.* When the philosopher can account for the essential cause of the former, then and not till then can the true Christian be with propriety called upon to account for the manner of the divine agency in the latter. Many either misunderstand or misrepresent the doctrine contended for, pretending that they who maintain it imagine that they have a sensible impression of the Spirit in his working, and a knowledge of the manner of his operation upon their minds. Some wild enthusiasts it is true have given too just an handle for exceptions to their absurd pleas: also some truly serious and sober-minded Christians, it must be acknowledged, have dropt unguarded expressions which are not warranted by scripture, yet by which they never thought to convey those ideas which they have been interpreted to maintain. According to the above illustration which Christ has given us, we are to be as sensible of the Spirit's influence upon our souls, as of that which we receive from the air upon our bodies, by its effects. As it would argue a stupidity and insensibility in me, not to feel the air that blows upon me, nor to hear the wind that sounds around me; would it not be equally irrational, to suppose that I can be influenced by the Spirit of God, and yet remain totally insensible to any of its effects? The infidel who denies the being as well as operations of this divine person, is a much more rational and consistent character than a nominal Christian, who professes to believe that the blessed Spirit actually influences the minds of men, but yet leaves them insensible to any effects from such agency? A man may be said with equal propriety to love, fear, hope, or desire, without any feelings whatsoever, as to be influenced by the Spirit with love to God, hatred of sin, desire after the favour of God, and delight in him, without any sensible emotions in his soul.

I am well aware that some may object to this doctrine. "That such an influence of the Holy Spirit upon the minds of men as is contended for, would be contrary to the rational nature and liberty of the soul; and would also supersede any human attempts and endeavours in the work of our salvation." In respect to the first of these objections it may be observed, that our ideas being, for the most part, received by sensation, and also being so generally conversant about corporeal objects in reasoning upon immaterial subjects, by using terms which in their natural sense relate to matter, we are too apt to entertain gross corporeal ideas of spiritual subjects, and from thence, rather than from the nature of the things themselves, our supposed difficulties and contradictions arise. The divine agency is always agreeable to the nature of the subject, and the end proposed. In the material world a different power is exerted in supporting

porting the union of the several atoms of matter, in maintaining its sensible qualities, in ordering the various revolutions of the different systems of the heavenly bodies, and limiting them all to their respective orbits.—*He hath established them for ever and ever—He hath made a decree which shall not pass*—No less diversity of divine agency must be imagined as exercised in sustaining the various lives of the vegetative, animal, and rational creation.—By parity of argumentation we may infer that the Spirit's influences upon the souls of men relative to their everlasting salvation are real, though not performed after the mode of material agency; and that they operate in a manner suitable to the state of our reasoning powers, without infringing upon the freedom of our wills. The Lord makes *his people willing in the day of his power.* (Psal. cx. 3.) He sets truth in a clear light before the mind, and *opens the understanding to perceive it.*—He persuades the will urging reasonable motives as instruments fitly adapted to this purpose; and though he thus actually engages the heart and affections, the person, who is thus influenced, is thoroughly sensible* that he thinks, wills, and acts, freely. This divine operation upon our souls is so far from making us mere machines, that those who are most actuated thereby, are the most free beings: hence those who are by these means, most partakers of a *divine nature*, whilst here below, enjoy the most freedom.—The holy angels in heaven, though subjects of a far greater degree of divine agency, instead of having their liberty invaded or frustrated thereby, are the most free of all God's creatures.—As to the second objection we may answer, that agreeable to our rational nature we are incited to *strive to enter in at the strait gate—to labour for the meat which endureth unto eternal life*—Yet at the same time we are taught, *that we are not sufficient of ourselves to think, much less to do, any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.* These two points by no means clash or interfere with each other; since a knowledge of our own natural impotency leads us to God for that grace, whereby we are capacitated to strive and to labour in our spiritual course. The apostle was so far persuaded of the consistency between these propositions, that he urges us to strain every nerve in this great work, from a consideration of our inability thereto in ourselves, and that the divine agency is therein *all in all*—*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* Phil. ii. 12, 13."

Our author's design, in this essay, is, accordingly, "to set forth the reasonableness of these and such like emotions excited by the Spirit's influence upon the hearts of men, drawn from a comparative view of those natural feelings, which every man of sensibility experiences in his own breast." Mr. Burdon makes a distinction, nevertheless, between the *ordinary* and *extraordinary inspiration* of the Spirit; passing a censure on the quakers and other modern *mysicks*,

* By *thoroughly sensible*, it is presumed our author means, is *firmly persuaded*, or *strongly convinced*.
Rev.

as he files them; who pretend to an inspiration equal with that of the writers of the gospel.

"Yet let not," says he, "any from hence be led to suppose that I mean to adopt that dangerous and destructive error—That now, the scripture has been compleated and extraordinary inspiration has of course ceased, we have no further need of the Spirit to make us partakers of divine wisdom and knowledge in order to our salvation; that our reason sufficiently supercedes the necessity of any divine influence upon this occasion. There is an ordinary as well as extraordinary inspiration: the latter we acknowledge has long ceased, because the work in which it was employed is fully accomplished; but the ordinary inspiration is as necessary now as ever, and is promised to the church till the end of time. As it would be bold presumption to expect an extraordinary inspiration to give us any new revelation, so it would be as vain presumption to expect, without the illumination of the Spirit to understand the revelation of the Spirit, *which is spiritually discerned*; especially since our Lord found it necessary to open the understandings of the apostles themselves that they might understand the scriptures (Luke xxiv. 45.) Accordingly St. Paul prays for his Ephesian converts, who had the scriptures in their hands as well as we, that *the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, would give unto them the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, &c.* (Eph. i. 17, 18.) In like manner our church teaches us more than once in her liturgy to pray for this inspiration: to cite one passage may suffice. *Grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good.*"

In his third chapter, our author treats of the nature of *Christian Faith*; which he very properly considers rather as a *sentimental and practical persuasion* than as a *speculative and rational conviction*. We cannot help thinking, however, that he falls into a little inconsistency, when he would raise the superstructure of our belief in *revealed religion* on the foundation of mere *human reason*.

"It is true," says he, "that we are to exercise our reason in enquiring into the pretensions of whatever claims the authority of a divine testimony or revelation; but, when that point is ascertained, we are to place an implicit faith in whatever God declares unto us therein as his truth."

But, if *immediate inspiration*, though of the *ordinary* kind, be necessary to instruct us in the *meaning* of written revelation, surely the *authenticity* of it, a point equally controverted, may be as well referred to the same divine testimony! The remainder of this tract is chiefly a practical recommendation of the several virtues constituting the Christian disposition and character, such as *repentance, hope, the love of God, the love of man, peace, joy, humility and meekness, patience, righteousness and temperance.*

L.
Ara-

A radical and expeditious Cure for a recent Catarrhus Cough. Preceded by some Observations on Respiration; with occasional and practical Remarks on some other Diseases of the Lungs. To which is added a Chapter on the Vis Vitæ, so far as it is concerned in preserving and reinstating the Health of an Animal. Accompanied with some Strictures on the Treatment of Compound Fractures. By John Mudge, F. R. S. Surgeon at Plymouth. 8vo. 3s. Walter.

A recent catarrh, which only is the professed object of cure in the tract before us, may be regarded as too slight a disorder to require so formal a dissertation, or so philosophical an apparatus as is here described. The author's apology, however, for its publication, may conciliate us to an opinion of its use and importance.

"Every medical discovery has certainly a claim to the public attention: for though, on a superficial view, the disease should seem slight, or the treatment trifling, yet, when we reflect that the welfare of the great body of mankind is concerned, deriving consequences from that consideration, it swells into importance.

"Indeed, as the aggregate or great mass of physical, as well as every species of knowledge possessed by mankind, must be the result of the communicated experience of individuals, so it becomes the duty of each to impart, in this experimental traffic, such treasure as he shall have gathered towards the increase of the public stock; and there is great reason to suppose, if this had been simply and faithfully observed, that though the greater part had contributed their mite only, yet, supposing even that to have been sterling, the capital would have been much larger than the world is at present possessed of.

"It was, no doubt, from this idea, that Dr. Sydenham was not ashamed to say, if his whole life had been employed, provided he had at last succeeded, in the discovery of an effectual remedy even for the cure of corns, he should have thought his time had been employed to a good purpose, and that he had deserved well from the public. On this consideration, therefore, I might rest my apology for the present intrusion, were the discovery of the cure for the Catarrhus Cough, or that distressing affection of the trachea and lungs, upon taking cold, of much less importance to health and life than in fact it is. But, on the contrary, those complaints of the breast frequently become diseases truly formidable to tender constitutions, inasmuch as, from their delicacy, they are not only extremely obnoxious to the ill impressions of cold, but the lungs themselves, in this constitutional feebleness, at the same time that they can less bear the convulsive agitations of an importunate cough, are also, from their tender substance and delicate order of vessels, more subject to be injured by pituitous matter made acrid by a long lodgement in the extreme branches of the bronchia. Very fair people, with delicate

licate complexions and vermilion cheeks, especially if under the influence of hereditary impressions; and thin lean habits, with hollow temples and high cheek bones, where the *cartilago scutiformis*, the last vertebra of the neck, and the processes of the *os sacrum*, are found remarkably prominent, are more particularly exposed to hectic complaints;* and in both these Catarrhus Coughs are really dangerous, and often lay the foundation of a pulmonary phthisis.

"Upon the whole; if the remedy here proposed, when early applied and properly directed, (for on both these its success intirely depends) shall be found effectual, it will immediately and radically cure a complaint very troublesome and fatiguing, as it frequently harrasses the patient some weeks; and if, moreover, we examine the bills of mortality, and there see the numbers who are annually swept off by consumptions; or, if from physical experience, we remark how greatly this disorder swells the catalogue of chronic complaints; if, at the same time it is true that this dreadful disease, peculiar to the tender and delicate, ordinarily takes its rise, in this capricious climate, from the very disorder in the lungs, for which, in the early state of it, the proposed remedy is a certain and expeditious cure: whoever, I say, considers this, will, I hope, dispense with any further apology for the loss of time this information may occasion him."

After expatiating at large on what a Catarrhus Cough is not, and on what it really is, our author proceeds to a description of the method of curing it, by the use of a newly-invented *inhaler*; which is also particularly described and represented by an engraving. Of this commodious implement the inventor observes, that it may be extended to other beneficial purposes; being not ill adapted to some species of asthma, or to peripneumonic complaints.

"But I do not urge this," says he, "because it is not true, but because, for other reasons, I am anxiously solicitous that it should be principally confined, in conjunction with the other part of the process, to the disorder for which it is a certain, experienced cure. For it is much to be apprehended, that a too extensive and capricious application may subject this to the common fate of many excellent remedies in the same circumstances, since, as I shall hereafter observe, the disappointments of our unwarranted expectations are but too apt to operate to their discredit; for when a remedy is not found good for every thing, we are most exceedingly ready to conclude it good for nothing."

* In a comparative way, these characteristics in the human subject are analogous to those which we frequently observe in the skeletons of some horses, that are said to be deer-necked, high at the withers, and goose-rumped; all which usually indicate more activity of spirit than strength of constitution; for they are ordinarily found to be washy upon the road, and subject to coughs; in short, (as the jockies term it) they are generally without bottom. To this peculiarity of make the breed of running horses are much disposed; and they are accordingly better calculated for short and temporary exertions than for the continued fatigue and labour of the chace and road.

"Nor

“ Nor shall I enforce the importance of the inhaler, as applying a focus of any sort in the most effectual way to inflammatory fore throats, or for conveying the powers of antiseptics to putrid ones; because all this may be done, though not so conveniently, in adult age, by inhalers of the common construction: but what gives this a superiority to all others that I have seen, is, that besides the important purpose, hereafter mentioned, of making a parched, feverish skin, relent, and producing a sweat, whenever that evacuation is necessary, this inhaler extends all its advantages to children, who, for want of skill in the use of the common sort, arising from the necessary interruptions in breathing, have hitherto been deprived of their help.”

There is something philosophical and pretty in the exordium of our author's chapter on the *Vis Vita*; from which we shall, therefore, extract a few paragraphs.

“ In the most perfect piece of mechanism that was ever contrived by man, the utmost expectation of the mechanic has always been confined to the hopes that, by the agency of some mode of power, his machine might continue to answer the purpose of its intention, 'till disabled by a gradual wear of the materials with which it was constructed, a period should be at last put to the effects of his skill.

“ We never find in the best designed, and most complicated result of human workmanship, even an attempt to impart to it any principle, or provision, for supplying in the constituent parts the consequences of that waste and wear, which must be the necessary effect of continued motion.

“ Besides this principle of imperfection, every production of art is equally unprovided also with the means of repairing any injury it may suffer, either from external violence, or the internal accidents to which it is always subject, from the unavoidable imperfection of materials; and either of those events is capable of defeating the design and labour of the inventor; for, if once its motion is destroyed, though by the most trifling defect, the consequence becomes as permanent as the cause, and the machine is rendered useless.

“ It is the union of those important resources of *supply and renovation*, possessed by animal nature, which constitutes that effort as it were towards immortality, so peculiarly characterizing the works of the Creator. In this respect, exclusive of an infinity of others, the most contemptible reptile is infinitely superior to the most perfect and elaborate performance of man.

“ The operation of this renovating agency is, indeed, so apparent and efficacious in animal life, that physicians have been led to consider, or at least to talk of it, as a principle almost possessing cogitation; and, as it were, a genius presiding over the health and well-being of the animal. Thus, under the name of Nature, it is said to be the curer of diseases.—That Nature relieved the constitution from the offensive matter, by this or that critical discharge, as the best adapted to the purpose.—Hence also the several expressions,

that

that Nature is kind, or acts wisely.—Nature must not be opposed; but at most be gently checked; or, if in a languid state, assisted. These expressions, I say, which are the result of experience and long observation, are certain proofs that animal life is possessed of a very active principle, which efficaciously exerts itself towards its preservation.

“ And, indeed, if we take a view of the creation at large, we shall find that this principle of self-preservation, or that effort towards a perpetuity of existence, is not confined to animal, or even to vegetable life: we shall perceive it extending itself into a universal law; equally impressed upon, and pervading, every individual of the creation; and operating in each in a mode adapted to the nature of its existence. Thus, if we descend to the very lowest order of material existence, it will be found, that even the mean and common materials of which our earth is composed, abhor annihilation: these, under the simple agency of necessity, maintain their form and being by a strong cohesive attraction, and a superadded principle of gravitation, impressed upon them towards the common centre; inasmuch that, by the universality of this active bond of union, the being of the whole depending upon and being supported by the same power which is equally possessed by the smallest and most contemptible atom, the earth is preserved intire; so that not a particle is lost to it, from the creation to the present hour.

“ If from the lowest we ascend to the next order of existence, we find the parts of which the individuals of it are composed, involve not only the *inferior* and *ordinary* powers of union, by a gravitation in common with the earth, but possess also the superadded privileges of a specific or elective attraction to those of their own kind; such are those of the metallic sort, and the whole tribe of fossils, &c. These, therefore, are endowed with a nature superior to the former; but, as their active principles of existence and self-preservation are simple and determined, and therefore well understood, these also are said to be influenced and preserved by the agency of necessity.

“ If we proceed on to the order of vegetables, the causes of their specific existence, accretion, and growth, are more complicated, and, of course, less comprehensible. For this species of existence not only involves in its nature the powers of the two former, viz. the ordinary gravitating principle of gross matter, and that elective attraction possessed by the metallic kind, but it is necessary also that the plant should, by a well-adapted organization of its various parts, be possessed of such powers of communication with its parent earth, as may qualify it for the appropriation or admission of such substances, and such only, as are suited to its more complicated nature. However, though the causes of its growth and preservation are, by being further removed from our comprehension, sublimated into the general idea of life, yet we do not, even here, lose sight of necessary agency in the several parts which compose the plant; and as a large train of necessary causes and effects, concerned in its growth,

are exposed to our cognizance, we take it for granted that those which are hidden from us are of the same nature.

“ But, if we extend our view still higher into the animal part of the creation, we there find, superadded to all the former properties of the plant, and to an organization infinitely superior, locomotive powers, and an internal principle for the direction and employment of them. As the subject, therefore, and the whole complication of causes and effects, are infinitely beyond our comprehension, the idea of necessity now ceases, and that of liberty, depending upon volition, begins: and as the nature of existence is become more mysterious, so the means of perpetuating it are more extensive; for, as a greater variety of combined causes are concerned in the support and formation of an animal, so the resources for its preservation, and the means of its destruction, are proportionally multiplied.

“ Hence as, with respect to vegetable life, the earth is the great basis which contains, and from which are extracted, all the various principles which are necessary to the infinite variety of plants, as well as the particular parts of each individual: as the earth must possess what, by the specific organization of plants, is convertible into their several peculiar properties, from the juice of the deadly nightshade, up to that of the delicious anana; so the blood, the great pabulum of all animal secretion, must be so compounded as to involve all those principles which, by the configuration of the secretory organs, are convertible into the various fluids which are necessary to animal life. It is therefore necessary that this fluid should not only be supported, and occasionally recruited, by such materials as are adapted to this important end; but that it should be preserved, likewise, from foreign contamination: and as the plant is actually so formed, by the configuration of the parts destined to nutrition, as to receive, and at the same time exclude what is, respectively, proper for its support, or destructive to its nature; so the animal must be possessed of powers and perceptions, for choosing the one and avoiding the other.

“ Such powers of discernment and means of communication with those several parts of external nature, as are necessary to this purpose, we find every animal actually possessed of; and the operation of this commerce, through the agency of the senses, we call by the general name of instinct.

“ As these instinctive powers are essential to, and fully sufficient for, the preservation of animal life, in the brute creation, so we find them existing, in full force, in the higher scale of rational beings. Without engaging, therefore, in metaphysical disquisitions, as to the proper offices of the *animus* and *anima*, in the œconomy of life, we shall trust to the more certain deductions from analogy, and conclude, that tho' man has, moreover, the superadded privilege of reflection or cogitation, yet, as we have observed that the powers and principles of the inferior are always involved and possessed by the several successive orders of superior existence; and, as we know that the purposes of mere animal life are fully and effectually provided for in brutes, by instinct without reason, so the human subject also possesses,

is indebted to, and principally preserved by, its notices and protection."

We wish we could pursue our author's ingenious speculation on this subject farther; but our limits restrain us. Indeed he rambles soon after from this topic to that of the cure of compound fractures: for which, as well as for other digressions, he apologises also in his preface, by pleading precedent, and desiring it may be remembered, that a late very celebrated author, through a most ingenious train of philosophical reasoning, though he began with *tar-water*, ended with the TRINITY.

R.

The QUIDNUNCs; a moral Interlude; intended to have been represented at one of the Theatres; but for particular reasons suppressed. 4to. No Bookseller's name or Price.

This pamphlet, not being as yet advertised for sale, but distributed only among the writer's acquaintance, we shall take the liberty, as the composition is neat and humourous, and the satire just and well pointed, to print the whole,

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Mr. Quidnunc.

Mrs. Quidnunc.

Mrs. Prudence Quidnunc.

Mr. and Mrs. Quidnunc are discovered sitting at a table; on which are scattered heaps of newspapers. After taking up and throwing down one after another, Quidnunc speaks.

Mr. Q. Confound these barren chronicles, I say.

Why, there's no scandal in 'em, wife, to-day;

Not one divorce or action for crim. con.

The rage for ruin'd reputation's gone.

Mrs. Q. Nay, if that once abates, their sale must drop;

And the dull publisher may shut up shop;

I've here been reading too the advertiser;

But I don't find that I'm a bit the wiser.

There's nothing stirring; not a breath that's new.

Give me fresh anecdotes—

Mr. Q. ————— And, me, when true.

Mrs. Q. Poh! true or false, what matters it? The news,
That won't on Christians pass, may serve the Jews!
About the truth, they ne'er stand still—I shall I;
Believers in the Gospel—^{now} of Change-Alley.

Mr. Q. Right, wife, a good round lie, well told, is found,
At Stock-Exchange, sometimes, worth many a pound.

Mrs. 2. What news-inditer, of the least sagacity,

Will then concern himself about veracity?

Besides, opposed in trade against each other,

Like game-cock wits each, pitted at his brother,

Responsive crowing, struts the witting Bantum,

And spurs and fights, just as his feeders want him.

Hence, bold defiance and flat contradiction:

Read—read, and you will soon have full conviction.

[They rise and come forward, each taking up a newspaper.]

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “Ten leagues south-west, off Scilly, th’ English
“Obtained a victory”—— [steer

Mr. 2. [Reads.] “Suffer’d a defeat.”

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “From Brest, to join the Spaniards in the South,
“A squadron sail’d——

Mr. 2. [Reads.] “Moor’d at the harbour’s mouth.”

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “We learn from Charles-Town plunder’d every
store is,

“By an outrageous mob of *evbigs*——

Mr. 2. [Reads.] “Of *tories*.”

Mrs. 2. So much for *foreign*——

Mr. 2. Now for *home* advices.

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “Alarm’d the premier, at this dangerous crisis,

“To give his post up, strongly is inclin’d.”

Mr. 2. [Looking at his paper.] The premier *here* is of another mind.

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “The opposition soon will have their wishes.”

Mr. 2. [Looking at his paper.] No. Not a *mouthful* of the *loaves*
or *fishes*!

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “Last night the Duchess of—— two blanks——
miscarried.”

Mr. 2. [Reads.] “Last night, and not before, her Grace was mar-
ried.”

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “To night will be performed at Drury-Lane
“The School for Fathers”——

Mr. 2. No.—*Scandal*, again.

Mrs. 2. [Looking at her paper.] At *Covent-Garden*, ’tis in *this*——

Mr. 2. [Looking at his paper.] In *another*

Mrs. 2. [Reads.] “The comic opera called——

Mr. 2. [Reads.] “The *Disstress’d Mother*.”

Which of these two, now, tells the truth, I wonder.

Mrs. 2. Neither—for both will lie as much asunder.

But yesterday this very paper said,

You know, my dear, that you, my duck, were dead.

Mr. 2. True! and the *Evening Posts* all toll’d my knell.

Mrs. 2. Yet, here, it says, that you’re alive and well.

Mr. 2. So, so, in health; though better, by the bye,

For once, to find the fellow told a lie.

Mrs. 2. I won’t believe your time is come as yet.

Mr. 2. Nor I—until I see’t in the Gazette.

The bodings of these *unauthentic* papers——

Mrs. 2. Put us last night, though, both into the vapours;

Till, coming to Miss Merrythought's amour:
That presently revived us, to be sure.
Well 'tis a pleasure, I must own, my dear,
Of others' faults and failings thus to hear.
Oh! it affords such comfort and delight;
And gives one so much room to spit one's spite;
Especially 'gainst those, who, passing by,
Carry their prudish heads a tofs too high.

Mr. 2. That's true; but, growing old and short of breath,
I don't love playing with that edge-tool, *death*.
Honest Dick Philpot, an old friend of mine,
Was serv'd just so; poor man, in his decline;
When some wild wag, *in joke*, sent home his coffin;
Which he, in earnest, though, was carried off in.
But I'll teach these assassins of the quill,
Hyp'd invalids thus wantonly to kill.
Who knows but some good friend, in fact, a dying,
His will might alter upon their damn'd lying?
A handsome legacy, intended me,
Bequeath'd some quackery-puffing charity:
For swingeing damages I'll bring my action;
The law, the law shall give me satisfaction.
I'll trounce the——

Mrs. 2. ———— Nay, but now read on, my dear.

Mr. 2. Ay, I'm just got down to the bottom, here.

"Last night at twelve o'clock"—Ha! How?—What's this?

"Last night at twelve o'clock, the modest Miss

"*Quidnunc* elop'd, disguis'd and in the dark,

"Out of a window, with her father's clerk!"

Mrs. 2. Oh, Heavens!

Mr. 2. [*Reads.*] ————"For Scotland setting off express,

"As 'twas conjectur'd by the shrewdest guests,

"At two, when put this paper to the press."

Curse the conjecturing rascal with his guesses,

His paragraphs, his papers and his presses:

Mrs. 2. And yet perhaps——

Mr. 2. ———— It may be false, my dear.

Mrs. 2. [*Looking at her paper.*] It may, for I see nothing of it here.

Mr. 2. My mind misgives me? Sister Prudence! Oh!

She'll tell us if this lie be true or no.

Enter Mrs. Prudence Quidnunc.

Mrs. P. 2. [*As she enters.*] Ill news and scandall fly, I find, apace,

Mr. 2. Alas! there's no-concealing our disgrace!

Oh, my lost daughter!

Mr. 2. ———— Oh! my daughter!

Mrs. P. 2. ———— Eh!

Mr. 2. Why, don't you know my daughter's run away?

Alas

Mrs. P. Q. Not I—I know she's at her toilette dressing.
Have you not giv'n her, then, to-day, your blessing?

Mrs. Q. You know we breakfast first—

Mrs. P. Q. ————— Upon abuse.

A might pretty parent-like excuse!
Is't from the *public prints* we're first to learn
What *our own family* doth most concern?
Thank Heav'n, my niece, your daughter's safe enough,
Her innocence 'gainst defamation proof.
But who for such abuse affords a handle?
Who feeds these manufacturers of scandal?
Who but yourselves promote their lying trade;
For which, in turn, you're rightly thus repaid.
They lie to live, but that's no reason why
You should enable them to live to lie.

Mr. Q. 'Egad, what sister Prudence says, is true.

Mrs. Q. Yes, but dear Quidnunc, it is nothing *new*.

I'm glad, however, sister, as you say,
My daughter's not a real runaway,
Like Fanny Flirt, Miss Prude, Miss Minx, and t'other
Rude romp, that rival'd her own modest mother.

Mrs. P. Q. Come, come, no more.—She, who is least to blame,
Most careful is to hide a sister's shame.

Bad would appear, indeed, the best of times,
Expos'd in *public* were its *private* crimes;
'Tis not that *so much worse* the world is grown,
But 'tis *these libels* make it *better known*;
While every *vice* and *folly's* magnified,
Virtue's depress'd and downcast head to hide!

Be, then, detested each vile imputation,
Disseminated, thus, throughout the nation;
True candour bids us, ere we throw the stone
To punish other's *faults*, to mend *our own*.

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. By Percival Stockdale. 12mo.
3s. Flexney.

Among a number of insignificant and uninteresting pieces, we meet with a few, that are not unworthy of their author; whose poetical talents as well as critical abilities, are by no means contemptible, were they accompanied with an equal portion of taste, and a somewhat less portion of self-complacency. It is so natural, however, for us to be partial to our own progeny, and even sometimes to be fondest of those which possess the least merit, that the good-natured reader will, on this account, excuse the avowed preference given to some productions

ductions in this collection, which might as well have been omitted. The following stanzas, extracted from a letter to a friend, have considerable merit.

To —————

" You saw, my friend, in W————'s wood,
My rural tribute to the Nine ;
For there, you say, uninjured stood
Maria's name prefixed to mine.

That bold inscription, in your grove,
I cut, with too aspiring claim ;
(How warm imaginations rove !)
I thought it poetry, and fame.

Her friendship, carved in rustic style,
I thought excell'd elaborate lays ;
I thought her still approving smile
Would crown me with immortal praise.

But my sad history's present page
Brings your old prophet to my view ;
And sure, an oracle more sage
Dodona's forest never knew.

For, in your venerable shade,
As I my rude memorial wrought,
Impell'd to tasks which ne'er upbraid,
The wood a hoary peasant fought.

The solemn pedants of the schools
May boast their systematic strain ;
But Nature's more authentic rules,
And sense, and truth inspire the swain.

The Patriarch of the peaceful vale
Approach'd, my characters to see ;
To hear the poet's favourite tale
Explain the letters on the tree.

His words with moral strength were fraught ;
I well remember all he spoke ;
I almost thought him, while he taught,
The Druid of some aged oak.

" Short bounds determine (said the sage)
" The joys, the cares, the toils of man ;
" His works are transient, like his age,
" His labours, and his life, a span.

" Still trifles agitate his breast,
" Delusive meteors of the day ;
" And some are, in their birth, suppressed ;
" And some, in thinking, die away.

- " Objects, whose death is less in haste,
 " To calm reflection are not late ;
 " For worn by Time's perpetual waste,
 " They yield to all-subduing fate.
 " And say, what theme employs *thy* mind ;
 " What occupies the sculptor here ?
 " A theme, perhaps, which he will find
 " Worse than indifferent in a year.
 " Some pupil fair of London's art,
 " Where polished falsehood holds her reign ?
 " Or warms a rural nymph thy heart,
 " Some ruddy virgin of the plain ?
 " Or some protectress of renown,
 " Some guardian of the Muse's flame ;
 " Whose sovereign taste directs the town,
 " And flakes ambition's thirst with fame ?
 " Rash man, you court a constant strife
 " With numerous woes ; of verse beware ;
 " I've heard, and read the poet's life ;
 " His toil, is thought ; his prize is, air.
 " Though now her friendship you enjoy,
 " And on her eulogies repose,
 " Envy that friendship may destroy ;
 " For merit brings a host of foes.
 " Politeness may have formed your friend,
 " Politeness in the bright extreme ;
 " On which the wretches who depend,
 " For truth mistake a golden dream.
 " Charms to the person, to the face
 " It gives ; but withers Virtue's bloom ;
 " Its varnish rots *her* nobler grace ;
 " It is the scripture's whited tomb.
 " 'Tis branded by the moral pen ;
 " Opinion, still, the dastard fears ;
 " 'Tis meanly all things to all men ;
 " It never *is* what it *appears*.
 " But should your patroness withstand
 " Each barbarous wiling of the age,
 " The dull, and the malicious band,
 " That constant war with genius wage.
 " In affluence give your strains to flow,
 " And bid with Pope's their spirit vie ;
 " On one plain truth your thoughts bestow :
 " — Yourself, your friend, your verse, must die.
 " All

- " All the great scenes that bards display,
" All their strong pictures of mankind,
" By Time's impression will decay,
" Like this inscription on the rind.
" For Time's relentless hand these lines
" Will first distort, and then erase !
" Resistless hand ! that undermines
" The pyramid's enormous base.
" Then let the *fit*, the *good*, the *true*,
" Be all thy work, and all thy care ;
" Through life, their sacred path pursue,
" Nor substance quit for tinsel glare,
" Give reason her divine controul ;
" And to be great, be truly wise ;
" Let prospects animate thy soul,
" Sublime, and lasting, as the skies."
-

*A Pocket of Prose and Verse : Being a Selection from the Literary
Productions of Alexander Kelley, Esq; small 8vo. 3s. Dilly.*

These productions are in prose and verse ; as a specimen of the latter of which, we shall select the following extract from a poem entitled *Reason* ; reserving a specimen of the prose, with a more particular account of the whole, to a future opportunity.

" Native Augusta, from thy joys estrang'd,
Another world now my firm footsteps bears,
On other stars I gaze ; and see immense
Between us their tempestuous volumes roll.
Yet not thy golden luxuries I repine,
Thy glitt'ring pomps, or elegant delights ;
Nor (what might justify regret) the loss
Of thy fair-featur'd daughters' matchless loves ;
But the sagacious, but the free, discourse
Attain'd in thee, and no where else attain'd,
I weep in blood. O who'll convey me swift
To where another bridge thy better claim
To the wide-distant shore oppos'd presents,
And lightly placid father Thames bestrides ;
Placid and level here, although in view
A gloomy pontiff, by British blood,
Ah, deep-distain'd, he scourge with torrent roar
Enrag'd ? O when again the candid round,
Whose ample structure decks thy sumptuous skirt,
When shall I spariate ; blind to beauty's lure,

To soothing music deaf, attentive sole
 To the more soothing eloquence of friends ?
 Chiefly to him by more than blood endear'd,
 Who friend I call, because I prove him such,
 And but for vanity a brother name :
 O form'd alike the battles dreadful edge
 To credit, or instruct the letter'd sage,
 Or lead the standard elegance of taste.

“ Nor thou, though yet ambition thee detain,
 (Virtuous ambition in thy gen'rous breast)
 Amid' the licens'd homicides of war
 In tented noise, nor thou (my friend) decline
 The proffer'd dalliance of the tuneful Muse ;
 The Muse, who still her balanc'd wings suspends,
 (Each sister of the mount her destin'd flight
 Inseparably joins, and ev'ry grace)
 And fondly hovers o'er Britannia's cliffs,
 Where tower'd her temples once, and altars blaz'd,
 That blaze no more. For now the speeds dismay'd
 Before the monster whose unnat'ral birth
 Its parent Liberty, so lovely late,
 Foully distorted; Int'rest nam'd by men,
 But whom th' unerring gods Corruption call.
 This syren from a hundred tongues harangues,
 A hundred venal tongues, and smooths the path
 With twice as many gold-polluted hands
 To pow'r, (alas) and dignity, and wealth ;
 Ah, ill-acquir'd, ill-us'd, detested pow'r,
 Infamous dignities, and wealth obicene,
 With timid growth the pest at first advanc'd,
 Ere long to spurn the ground, and scale the sky ;
 Then through three fertile realms her progress urg'd,
 On fairy foot, and eagle-rapid wing,
 And blasted ev'ry blessing she beheld.

“ Where may the British muse her exile rest ?
 In frozen Greenland's subterranean towns,
 Or savage Lapland, her melodious song
 Might the wish'd sun at other months recal,
 And sooth the seal-furr'd semi-brutes to men :
 In Albion though proscrib'd, ev'n welcome there.
 Will not her patience placidly await
 The rising empire in Atlantic surge
 Of renovated Britons, who proceed
 Lords of the world, and patrons of the lay ?
 Or shall she rather claim thy present aid,
 Accomplish'd Frederic, round whose regal brow
 The creeping ivy with the laurel vies ?
 “ O England, rich in soil, in wavy plains
 Of golden grain, and ever-verdant fields ;
 Rich in thy natives too, who best reflect
 Great nature's truths, with happy-temper'd minds ;

Whose

Whose valour best the deadly-diff'ring climes
Subdues, and kinds of widely vary'd men :
For whom the western Indian steers his chase
Thro' trackless lab'rins of perpetual wood,
A living bronze, and sends the valu'd fur,
To dress authority for vulgar view :
To whose superior genius Afric pays
Her abject homage, and to sultry tasks
Her salamander youth resigns, to tasks
For which her sable sons alone suffice :
Rouse, O my country, rouse your giant force ;
And (as Anteus) stronger from your fall,
Corruption's golden fetters burst ; nor spare
The wily forc'refs ; but, with virtue steel'd,
Dash on obdurate rocks her crackling limbs ;
Or with her blood your crimson'd oaks bedew."

Cases of Practice in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, from the Reign of Queen Elizabeth to the 14th of Geo. III. a Period of near 220 years. Selected from, and examined by, the Books of Reports ; and methodically arranged under proper Titles : shewing the whole Practice of that Court, ancient and modern ; and being a compleat Guide to all Barristers as well as Attornies. With a Table containing the Names of the Cases, and Index of the principal Matters. By a Gentleman of the Middle Temple. 4to. 12s. bound. Owen.

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* * *

A methodical English Grammar, containing Rules and Directions for speaking and writing the English Language with Propriety : illustrated by a Variety of Examples and Exercises. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. John Shaw, Head Master of the Free Grammar School at Rochdale in Lancashire. 12mo. 2s. Richardson and Urquhart.

An English Grammar, calculated for the use of those who have made, or are intended to make, a proficiency in Latin.

* *

Instructions for registering Deeds, Conveyances, Wills, and other Incumbrances, affecting Estates in the County of Middlesex; with Precedents of Memorials of every Kind, made Use of for the registering of such Deeds, Conveyances, and Wills, &c. And Affidavits of the due Execution of such Deeds, and Memorials executed in the Country; and also the Form of discharging Mortgages by Certificate; with an Affidavit of the due Execution thereof, where the Parties live at a Distance from London. By William Rigge, Deputy Register for the County of Middlesex. 8vo. 5s. Sold by the Author at the Middlesex Register Office, Bell-yard.

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A Letter of solemn Counsel, from a Minister of the Gospel, to a Person in a declining state of Health. 8vo. 1s. Robinson.

This letter appears to have been written by the reverend Mr. de Courcy of Shrewsbury to one of his congregation, under the predicament above-mentioned. It abounds with good christianly advice, and is well adapted to the circumstance. We have, however, so poor an opinion of death-bed repentance in general, that we think the artillery of a preacher's argument is more properly pointed at the conviction of persons in health and strength, than his powers of persuasion levelled at the sick and weak; especially when, under the sanction of a sacred text, such powers are professedly exerted in *terrorem*. Interesting as it is to individuals to die well, it is more so to mankind and christianity in general that they should live well, and be therefore always prepared to die.

Buthred; a Tragedy; as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Newbury.

This tragedy, though not destitute of pathos, is too deficient in point of business and bustle to please our present play-going critics. * * *

A Letter to the Guardians of the Poor of the Burgh of Bury St. Edmonds in Suffolk; on the great Increase of the Rates for the Maintenance of the Poor in that Town. With Hints towards an Inquiry into the Cause and Remedy thereof, and Remarks on the Duty of a Guardian. 8vo. 6d. Rivington, London, Green, &c. Bury, and Messrs. Berry, Norwich.

A sensible, well-penned letter, applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to the overseers and guardians of the poor, throughout the kingdom. * *

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An impudent imposition on the public, similar to that which was practised some time ago, under the title of the *Diuenna*; these catch-pennies being intended to pass on the unwary purchaser for Mr. Sheridan's Opera and Comedy, bearing the same titles; to which they bear no other relation. * * *

A Digest of the Militia Laws. By Richard Burn, LL. D. 12mo. 2s. Cadell.

The established reputation of Dr. Burn, in this line, supercedes any thing we might otherwise have to say of this publication. * * *

The Trial of Francis Soulés, charged on the Coroner's Inquest, with the Murder of Mr. John Fenton, May 16, 1778, by shooting him with a Pistol. Tried before Judge Ashurst, &c. at the Guildhall, Leicester, August 14. Taken literally and verbatim; together with the cross-Examinations, Pleadings, &c. 8vo. 6d. Leicester printed; and sold by Crowder in London.

Mr. Soulés is well known, as author of a French grammar, and an ingenious teacher of that language. The very unfortunate affair which brought him into the present predicament is greatly to be lamented. His fate, however, depends on the twelve judges, the verdict on his trial having been brought in *special*. * *

Synopsis

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“From the multitude of English Grammars now extant, one would almost be induced to think that nothing new can be offered upon the subject, and that English Grammar has done, what art or science never has done nor ever will do,—arrived at perfection. It is hoped, however, that the following work will convince the reader to the contrary.

“The plan pursued in it is different from any that hath hitherto been published. In the rules, notes, &c. brevity, and perspicuity, the *utile dulci* of every treatise (particularly when intended for the use of schools) have been consulted with attention, and nothing is omitted which is essential towards promoting a critical knowledge of the English language.”

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